The New-Yorker.

BY H. GREELEY & CO. OFFICE NO. 30 ANN-STREET. THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XI. No. 11. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 29, 1841. WHOLE No. 271.

For the New-Yorker.

LINES....By Mrs. E. J. Eames.

"They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all the day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave."

Humphrey's Clock—Burial of Nelly.

To the sunniest nook of the old, dear church,
They bore the departed child,
To the spot where oft her failing feet
Had stol'n in the twilight mild;
Where she had sat for many an hour,
Her fair, meek head low bowed,
Reading with reverential awe
The Eternal Word aloud.

While in the sacred stillness she
Mused long on solemn themes,
Whence higher hopes and feelings sprung
To mingle with her dreams—
Where with chastened and submissive heart
She had wept, and knelt, and prayed,
And thought of the time when, her trials o'er,
She should there at rest be laid.

Yes; often softly entered she
That silent, shadowy place,
When moonlight fell on mailed forms couched
On the tombs of a knightly race,
That imaged lay with helm and spear,
While dimly o'er them hung
Their mouldering banners, with the breath
Of the night-breeze o'er them flung.

The crumbling walls, the sinking arch,
The faintly star-lit aisle;
By all the child had lingered still,
And thoughtfully awhile;
Down the old crypt, and up the tower,
She had walked, all free from fear,
With no thought save grateful joy that God
In His mercy brought her here!

—And here they laid the sleeper down,
Where light for ever fell
Through the rich gloom of the stained glass
On the spot she loved so well.
The boughs that fringed the ruin near,
With every stirring leaf,
Shed a trembling radiance on her grave,
Whose day had been so brief!

The birdlets' sweet-voiced echoes made
Music around the spot,
Such as had charmed her listening ear,
Though now she heeded not.
Now ended, and for ever done,
Her journeyings on Life's road,
With the moonbeams resting on her tomb,
They left the child with God!

Eames' Place, May, 1841.

For The New-Yorker.

Letters from the Mediterranean.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

No. VII....Tangier, March 13, 1841.

Let this day be marked with white chalk in the Calendar: I have seen and conversed with Dahgadu Buselhan, the Bashaw of the Province dependent on this his Imperial Majesty's Fortress and City of Tangier: and now I will take breath and tell you all about it; but don't expect too much, for it is not the surprise of admiration, but of disappointment, that has disconcerted me. In the first place, etiquette prescribes that permission to visit him shall be requested through the Consul of your Nation. As it was my wish to have as little formality as possible, Mr. Carr simply dispatched his Interpreter to inform his Excellency that an American lady wished to call on his Highness, and desired him, if agreeable, to name an hour. Peter returned with an invitation to come at 1, that is, directly after the prayers at noon. As it would have involved an expense and fuss much more than equivalent to all the honor and benefit that could possibly come of it if the Consul had attended me, he did not go. The Castle occupied by the Bashaw is on the North-East side of the City; and soon after the clear, prolonged tones of the Muezzin had ceased to call the Faithful to prayer, we passed the City Gates, and winding through the massive walls and ruined courts of an immense Castle, said by tradition to have been built by the Romans, at the end of a long passage between high and antique masses of masonry, we stopped before a heavy, iron-studded door. A soldier in a haique, neither clean nor new, was the only person in waiting; he gave us to understand that we were expected at a different hall of audience; in obedience to this intimation we went round two sides of the quadrangle, and in doing so, we caught a hasty view of a vestibule that might have been raised by the founder of the Alhambra. A triple range of airy Saracenic pillars supported the bold but light and graceful arches of the ceiling. They are defaced by the whitewash and patching of a later day, and do not harmonise with the solid and ancient walls in which this gem of Oriental Architecture is set. This beautiful hall is doubtless of much more modern date than the rest of the edifice; but the hand of Decay is upon all; nothing seems new or well kept except the tombs, and those only while in fashion.

Turning the corner of this pillared hall, we found ourselves at the foot of a double line of soldiers that made a lane up to the presence of the Bashaw himself. There might have been forty of this turbaned and mantled band; if they were not quite as ragged and dirty as Falstaff's recruits, they hardly looked more efficient. At the end of this military, or rather unmilitary display, on a kind of step at one corner of the entrance of a long, low-arched, unfurnished hall, sat a middle-aged personage of brunette complexion, dressed in the usual Moorish costume—the white turban and haique—without ornaments or arms of any kind to distinguish him from the rest of his countrymen. This was the Bashaw, a man invested with the power of life and death, the terror of the people, and sometimes of the Sultan! The truth is, all our ideas of the splendor and ostentation of Oriental Princes are much exaggerated, and in the case of Morocco particularly. From the Emperor down to his meanest subject, their style of living is simplicity itself; the plainest mechanic in the United States is better and more elaborately clothed and lodged than this Bashaw, and he is a fair specimen of them all. When we approached he offered his hand in compliment to our manners, and said, in a rich, clear voice, some words of welcome. As Peter understands all the forms of their flowery politeness we left him to say the needful for us. Our first interview was short, for even as we came, two suitors for favor or justice knelt humbly before the Bashaw, and consigning us to his nephew, with a courteous invitation to look at the gardens, he addressed himself to what appeared to us an examination of the merits of the affair thus laid before him. After pausing a moment to observe this off-hand, out-of-door way of doing business, we advanced through this hall into the interior of the Castle. A short, dark passage, a stair-case of three or four steps, a narrow outer court, another short passage, and we were in a square court, with a fountain playing in a marble vase in the centre. A few servants were idling about, and some boxes of an immense size encumbered the pavement.

But I had no eyes for the servants, the boxes, or even the fountain, which, by the way, was nothing remarkable; for two thousand years of history were unexpectedly placed before me. Sixteen marble pillars, unfluted, but with capitals of the Composite order, supported the high arches and carved and painted Arabesque ceilings of the palmiest days of Morocco Architecture, while the building they adorned was probably older than either the classic pillars or the fantastic superstructure of Moorish Art. That they were not originally designed for the place in which they stand is plain from their hight, which does not correspond with that of the building; they are too small for the place, and the defect has been remedied by the great spring of the arches crowning them. Time, however, has not destroyed their color or polish, and the volute and acanthus leaf are as clearly cut, as they came from the chisel twenty centuries ago. On two sides of the court are long, narrow rooms, one of which is a store-room, or something like it. It contained among other things a carriage belonging to the Sultan, a cheap, clumsy affair; but as it is hardly ever used, it is good enough to spoil where it is.

The other apartment is entered by a wide door, carved and painted in the modern Moorish style, which is very inferior to that in vogue four hundred years ago. Opposite this door is a recess wide enough to seat comfortably three persons, about twenty inches deep and covered with a plain mat. This is a a sort of throne for State occasions, when rich carpets and gold-embroidered cushions are laid for the Bashaw or the Sultan; for, on his occasional visits here, the Emperor holds his levee in this court. It is said these alcoves are thus let into the wall to guard against violence from behind; perhaps so, but in all the handsome Moorish houses that I have seen, there is a similar recess in the best apartment, and it is, I believe, rather intended for distinction than safety. The ceiling of this apartment presents a gorgeous specimen of Moorish taste. It is divided into three compartments; the central one is a star; on each side, the pattern or design is circular. These are, as it were, cut out of the ceiling, being sunk at the deepest points of the star two feet beyond the surface, and ornamented with most minute and delicate carving. This elaborate workmanship is covered with a brilliant coloring of crimson and gold, which rather destroys than enhances the effect of the carving. It surprises more than it gratifies. From this we passed into another court possessing no interest, by a stair-case and ante-room that had been enriched by fanciful open-work, a kind of filagree in stucco, but now broken and disfigured by time and neglect. These ornaments, like the marble pillars, were out of keeping with the hard, stern character of the Castle itself. It was intended for a place of strength—simple and massive—and these after decorations, now more decayed than itself, hang on the time-defying walls like the robes of Dejanira round the form of Hercules. The garden is perhaps an acre in extent, and neatly kept, with a pretty but not a great variety of flowers. Two walks, trellised for grapes and crossing at right angles, divide it in four parts, one of which is devoted to vegetables for His Excellency's kitchen; and that with singularly good taste is in front of the chamber appropriated to the reception of visitors, while one that contains an arbor of magnificent orange trees is left for the recreation of his Guard. The most beautiful part of this judicious arrangement is, that even a fair view of this garden is denied to the ladies of the Harem.

The Bashaw has but one wife, and at present she is at his late residence, one day's journey from here; but an old building that forms the principal part of one side of the garden is occupied by divers black girls, who make part and parcel of the household, and the windows looking in that direction are carefully closed up. A tall, handsome black slave, who is an especial favorite with his lord, and in consequence gave himself not a few airs of dignity, had attended us through the courts and answered our inquiries with abundant good humor and self complacency. He told us frankly that the house in question was inhabited by the *family*—the Moorish way of expressing women—a term they think it indecorous to use more directly. 'They have a delightful place here,' I observed; 'Do they come here to walk often?' The sable dignitary looked astonished at the question, and replied that they were not even permitted to look into it, as the servants of His Highness came and went that way. The higher a woman's rank in this country, the more closely she is imprisoned. By the time we were tired of the garden the Bashaw entered it, followed by three or four of his people, whether servants or soldiers I cannot say, for they are al

dressed alike, mantled to the eyes in white woolen, like sick old women, and seating himself in a recess like the one I have described, but less gay, we were invited to the presence. I looked as demure as I could, for I felt inclined to laugh at the extravagance of my preconceptions of Moorish splendor and took my seat on a chair placed near the right hand of the Bashaw. During the short conversation that ensued, I studied with much interest the expressive countenance of Daghadu Buselham. Grave and habitually self-controlled, like most of his nation, he wants animation; but his clear, searching eye is full of intelligence and energy. Firm and correct, rather than quick in his judgement, his inexorable character is easily read in the hard, unvarying expression of his mouth When in a state of repose, the lower part of his face seems cut in stone. At his left, without the alcove, was his Secretary, seated in primitive simplicity on the ground; no other persons of his retinue were present. The conversation was very short; he was a little surprised to hear we had no motive but the love of information, or curiosity if you will, in visiting the country; said the Sultan without doubt would grant us permission to visit him at Fez, but that a courier must be sent to obtain it before we proceeded on our journey, and that if we chose to send a letter to the Emperor, he would forward it, if it was sent to his palace. He asked few questions, and I should think was naturally a silent man; so, with some more compliments the visit ended.

I have said nothing of his gallant nephew, Abdel Selim, though we had a long chat while walking in the garden. He is a quiet, inoffensive looking youth, perfectly innocent of all knowledge of foreign countries, and of all desire to acquire the dangerous wisdom. The black slave and the nephew were dressed exactly alike, in haiques of blue cotton; but blackey carried the strongest air of authority. In passing through the guard-room on our egress, we found six or eight of the officers of the household, who had waited our coming out to offer us a part of their dinner. This was a courtesy not to be slighted, so we each took a morsel with our fingers from the one dish that composed their dining equipage. It was meat and rice stewed together, and not unpalatable. On retracing our way among the broken towers of other ages, we found many openings that afforded a charming prospect of the Town and Bay; but as I have spoken of it before, I think, I will not inflict it on you again. JOSEPHINE.

From the last 'Dial.'

MAN THE REFORMER.

A LECTURE, BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[Concluded.]

I DO not wish to be absurd and pedantic in reform. I do not wish to push my criticism on the state of things around me to that extravagant mark, that shall compel me to suicide, or to an absolute isolation from the advantages of civil society. If we suddenly plant our foot, and say,—I will neither eat nor drink nor wear nor touch any food or fabric which I do not know to be innocent, or deal with any person whose whole manner of life is not clear and rational, we shall stand still. Whose is so? Not mine; not thine; not his. But I think we must clear ourselves each one by the interrogation, whether we have earned our bread to-day by the hearty contribution of our energies to the common benefit? and we must not cease to *tend* to the correction of these flagrant wrongs, by laying one stone aright every day.

But the idea which now begins to agitate society has a wider scope than our daily employments, our households, and the institutions of property. We are to revise the whole of our social structure, the state, the school, religion, marriage, trade, science, and explore their foundations in our own nature; we are to see that the world not only fitted the former men, but fits us, and to clear ourselves of every usage which has not its roots in our own mind. What is a man born for but to be a Reformer, a Re-maker of what man has made; a renouncer of lies; a restorer of truth and good, imitating that great Nature which embosoms us all, and which sleeps no moment on an old past, but every hour repairs himself, yielding us every morning a new day, and with every pulsation a new life? Let him renounce everything which is not true to him, and put all his practices back on their first thoughts, and do nothing for which he has not the whole world for his reason. If there are inconveniences, and what is called ruin in the way, because we have so enervated and maimed ourselves, yet it would be like dying of perfumes to sink in the effort to reattach the deeds of every day to the holy and mysterious recesses of life.

The power, which is at once spring and regulator in all efforts of reform, is faith in Man—the conviction that there is an infinite worthiness in him which will appear at the call of worth, and that all particular reforms are the removing of some impediment. Is it not the highest duty that man should be honored in us? I ought not to allow any man, because he has broad lands, to feel that he is rich in my presence. I ought to make him feel that I can do without his riches, that I cannot be bought,—neither by comfort, neither by pride,—and though I be utterly penniless, and receiving bread from him, that he is the poor man beside me. And if, at the same time, a woman or a child discovers a sentiment of piety, or a juster way of thinking than mine, I ought to confess it by my respect and obedience, though it go to alter my whole way of life.

The Americans have many virtues, but they have not Faith and Hope. I know no two words whose meaning is more lost sight of. We use these words as if they were as obsolete as Selah and Amen. And yet they have the broadest meaning and the most cogent application to Boston in 1841. The Americans have no faith. They rely on the power of a dollar; they are deaf to a sentiment. They think you may talk the north wind down as easily as raise society; and no class more faithless than the scholars or intellectual men. Now if I talk with a sincere wise man and my friend, with a poet, with a conscientious youth who is still under the dominion of his own wild thoughts, and not yet harnessed in the team of society to drag with us all in the ruts of custom, I see at once how paltry is all this generation of unbelievers, and what a house of cards their institutions are, and I see what one brave man, what one great thought executed might effect. I see that the reason of the distrust of the practical man in all theory, is his inability to perceive the means whereby we work. Look, he says, at the tools with which this world of yours is to be built. As we cannot make a planet, with atmosphere, rivers, and forests, by means of the best carpenters' or engineers' tools, with chemist's laboratory and smith's forge to boot,—so neither can we ever construct that heavenly society you prate of, out of foolish, sick, selfish men and women, such as we know them to be. But the believer not only beholds his heaven to be possible, but already to begin to exist,—but not by the men or materials the statesman uses, but by men transfigured and raised above themselves by the power of principles. To principles something else is possible that transcends all the power of expedients.

Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm. The victories of the Arabs after Mahomet, who, in a few years, from a small and mean beginning, established a larger empire than that of Rome, is an example. They did they knew not what. The naked Derar, horsed on an idea, was found an overmatch for a troop of Roman cavalry. The women fought like men, and conquered the Roman men. They were miserably equipped, miserably fed. They were Temperance troops. There was neither brandy nor flesh needed to feed them. They conquered Asia, and Africa, and Spain, on barley. The Caliph Omar's walking stick struck more terror into those who saw it, than another man's sword. His diet was barley bread; his sauce was salt; and oftentimes by way of abstinence he ate his bread without salt. His drink was water. His palace was built of mud; and when he left Medina to go to the conquest of Jerusalem, he rode on a red camel, with a wooden platter hanging at his saddle, with a bottle of water and two sacks, one holding barley, and the other dried fruits.

But there will dawn ere long on our politics, on our modes of living, a nobler morning than that Arabian faith in the sentiment of love. This is the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of nature. We must be lovers, and instantly the impossible becomes possible. Our age and history, for these thousand years, has not been the history of kindness, but of selfishness. Our distrust is very expensive. The money we spend for courts and prisons is very ill laid out. We make by distrust the thief, and burglar, and incendiary, and by our court and jail we keep him so. An acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season, would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service. See this wide society of laboring men and women. We allow ourselves to be served by them, we live apart from them, and meet them without a salute in the streets. We do not greet their talents, nor rejoice in their good fortune, nor foster their hopes, nor in the assembly of the people vote for what is dear to them. Thus we enact the part of the selfish noble and king from the foundation of the world. See, this tree always bears one fruit. In every household, the peace of a pair is poisoned by the malice, slyness, indolence, and alienation of domestics. Let any two matrons meet, and observe how soon their conversation turns on the troubles from their "*help*," as our phrase is. In every knot of laborers, the rich man does not feel himself among his friends,—and at the polls he finds them arrayed in a mass in distinct opposition to him. We complain that the politics of masses of the people are so often controlled by designing men, and led in opposition to manifest justice and the common weal, and to their own interest. But the people do not wish to be represented or ruled by the ignorant and base. They only vote for these because they were asked with the voice and semblance of kindness. They will not vote for them long. They inevitably prefer wit and probity. To use an Egyptian metaphor, it is not their will for any long time "to raise the nails of wild beasts, and to depress the heads of the sacred birds." Let our affections flow out to our fellows; it would operate in a day the greatest of all revolutions. It is better to work on institutions by the sun than by the wind. The state must consider the poor man, and all voices must speak for him.—Every child that is born must have a just chance for his bread. Let the amelioration in our laws of property proceed from the concession of the rich, not from the grasping of the poor. Let us begin by habitual imparting. Let us understand that the equitable rule is, that no one should take more than his share, let him be ever so rich. Let me feel that I am to be a lover. I am to see to it that the world is better for me, and to find my reward in the act. Love would put a new face on this weary old world in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long, and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies, and navies, and lines of defence, would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go, will accomplish that by imperceptible methods,—being its own lever, fulcrum, and power,—which force could never achieve. Have you not seen in the woods, in a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom,—a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly,—by its constant, total, and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust on its head? It is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society in application to great interests is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried in illustrious instances, with signal success This great, overgrown, dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive at least the name of a lover of mankind. But one day all men will be lovers; and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine.

Will you suffer me to add one trait more to this portrait of man the reformer? The finished man should have a great prospective prudence, that he may perform the high office of mediator between the spiritual and the actual world. An Arabian poet describes his hero by saying,

> 'Sunshine was he
> In the winter day;
> And in the midsummer
> Coolness and shade.'

He who would help himself and others, should be not a subject of irregular and interrupted impulses of virtue, but a continent, persisting, immovable person,—such as we have seen a few scattered up and down in time for the blessing of the world; men who have in the gravity of their nature a quality which answers to the fly-wheel in a mill, which distributes the motion equably over all the wheels, and hinders it from falling unequally and suddenly in destructive shocks. It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies, full of danger and followed by reactions. There is a sublime prudence, which is the very highest that we know of man, which, believing in a vast future,—sure of more to come than is yet seen,—postpones always the present hour to the whole life; postpones always talent to genius, and specially results to character. As the merchant gladly takes money from his income to add to his capital, so is the great man very willing to lose particular powers and talents, so that he gain in the elevation of his life. The opening of the spiritual senses disposes men ever to greater sacrifices, to leave their signal talents, their best means and skill of procuring a present success, their power and their fame,—to cast all things behind, in the insatiable thirst for divine communications. A purer frame, a greater power rewards the sacrifice. It is the conversion of our harvest into seed. Is there not somewhat sublime in the act of the farmer, who casts into the ground the finest ears of his grain? The time will come when we too shall hold nothing back, but shall eagerly convert more than we now possess into means and powers, when we shall be willing to saw the sun and the moon for seeds.

THE HOME OF COWPER.—Cowper's house at Olney is still standing, but in the same ruinous state so humorously described by the poet: his parlor is occupied as a girl's school. The summer-house in the garden—the 'boudoir' in which the gentle bard used to sit conning his verses—also remains, its walls covered with the names of visitors. Cowper's residence in the neighboring village of Weston has been much altered, but is still beautiful, with a profusion of roses in front. There is, however, an alehouse on each side of the poetic mansion, and the village *stocks* are opposite the windows! It was 'Royal Oak Day,' the 29th of May, when we visited Weston; and a graceless rogue of a rustic was at the time undergoing punishment in the stocks. The young men parading the village with oak-apples in their hats were nearly all intoxicated. Happily, thought we, Cowper no longer exists to witness this desecration of his beloved Weston! We met with an old female servant of the poet, named Sally Brown, who talked with affectionate interest of the 'poor dear gentleman,' and of the unhappy malady under which he labored. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin are spoken of by the villagers as 'Squire Cowper and Madame Unwin!' 'Such is fame! The mansion-house of the Throgmortons, celebrated by Cowper, has been razed to the ground. The proprietor resides in another county; and, to 'save expenses,' the old seat of the family was pulled down. The 'wilderness' is overgrown with weeds; and the 'alcove,' carved with many a name, has fallen into equal neglect. The bells of Olney were sounding sweetly in the distance when we paced this deserted spot, by the colonnade of elms described by the poet. The noisy, industrious rooks were cawing among the woods; and the 'silent Ouse,' pursuing its sinuous course among the rich meadows, was just visible below Clifton Tower. Compared with the scenery around Huntingdon, the neighborhood of Olney might well appear a sort of poetical paradise. The whole country seems consecrated to the memory of Cowper; and there,

> 'If we may unbodied choose a sanctuary.'

his gentle spirit is undoubtedly still a visitant.

Fraser's Magazine for May.

A PROFESSIONAL TOUCH.—A worthy carpenter the other day, in giving evidence in a case of fraud, said that he *planely saw* the defendant's object was to *chisel* the plaintiff out of his property, &c., and for his part he liked 'fair play and no *gouging*!'

For The New-Yorker.

I MET HIM FAR IN STRANGER LANDS.

BY MRS. J. W. MERCUR.

I MET him far in stranger lands, with dark and sunken eye,
And hectic flush upon his cheek, that told he soon must die;
But yet his high and marble brow bore not a trace of Care:
No vain regret for Nature's doom was e'er seen lingering there.

He spake few words of future hopes, but ah! within his breast
A place for sad and useless fears had never yet found rest;
He knew not but the morrow's sun, as 't rose above the earth,
Would witness in the Heavens above another spirit's birth,

And that his cold and lifeless form 'mid stranger ones would lie—
Oh, sad indeed it is in far and foreign lands to die,
With no kind kindred hand to soothe the fevered brow with care,
Or calm the inward, heartfelt pain that deep was graven there!

But where would that lone wanderer turn his weary steps, to find
The cherished ones that unto him loved kindred ties did bind?
Oh, would it be across yon sea whose dark waves madly dash,
That 's heard upon its heaving breast full many a vessel's crash?

Far on some stern and rock-bound coast where break the ocean's tides,
Or o'er the hills and valleys where a sparkling fountain glides,
But little matters where to find friends of one's youthful home,
Be it in lowly grot or glen, in cottage or in dome.

But wo to that lone wanderer who, with dark and sunken eye,
Long since had ceased to look for friends with whom he yet may die.
For he had seen them one by one, as closed their weary eyes,
As passed their restless spirits hence, from earth unto the skies.

And he was left a wanderer lone upon this cold, wide earth;
Gone, gone are all the joyous forms that circled round his hearth;
And he with saddened heart had left his own, his native land,
But, oh! not so the memories of that loved, cherished band.

For oft the thought of those loved forms that slept beneath the sod—
Of her who taught his infant lips to lisp their vows to God—
And thought how smooth would seem his path unto Life's closing eves,
If midst such living forms as those his soul could flee to Heaven.

But now he knew it could not be, and still was doomed to own
That he in far and stranger lands must die—must die alone.
But yet from his meek lips there broke no murmur on the air—
No sighs for that dark fate which he in youth was doomed to bear.

But when he spoke of former days a cloud passed o'er his brow:
Oh, how unlike the quiet calm that rests upon it now!
For know that 't is the calm of Death that quiet on it lies—
His spirit meek is wafted hence to the ethereal skies.

I met him the last eve that he gazed forth on earth and skies,
And heard from his wan, feeble lips a fervent prayer arise:
He prayed that soon his form might lie beneath the earth's cold sod,
For longed his weary soul to be borne upward to his God.

That eve, as he lay on his couch, he called a servant near;
Addressing him "Oh sleep ye where my dying groan ye 'll hear.
For know I not the hour in which the spoiler Death may come,
When gladly will my spirit flee to its eternal home!"

And slept he near—but no death-groan aroused him from his sleep;
Though Death's kind angel there had claim'd that stranger's spirit meek;
And there wealth bought for him a tomb, but no kind tears were shed
Upon the gorgeous sepulchre of him, the Stranger Dead.

BARNABY RUDGE.

A New Work by Boz.

CHAPTER XIX.

DOLLY VARDEN'S pretty little head was yet bewildered by various recollections of the party, and her bright eyes were yet dazzled by a crowd of images, dancing before them like motes in the sunbeams, among which the effigy of one partner in particular did especially figure, the same being a young coachmaker (a master in his own right) who had given her to understand, when he handed her into the chair at parting, that it was his fixed resolve to neglect his business from that time, and die slowly for the love of her—Dolly's head, and eyes, and thoughts, and seven senses, were all in a state of flutter and confusion for which the party was accountable, although it was now three days old, when, as she was sitting listlessly at breakfast, reading all manner of fortunes (that is to say, of married and flourishing fortunes) in the grounds of her teacup, a step was heard in the workshop, and Mr. Edward Chester was descried through the glass door, standing among the rusty locks and keys, like love among the roses—for which apt comparison the historian may by no means take any credit to himself, the same being the invention, in a sentimental mood, of the chaste and modest Miggs, who, beholding him from the doorsteps she was then cleaning, did, in her maiden meditation, give utterance to the simile.

The locksmith, who happened at the moment to have his eyes thrown upward and his head backward, in an intense communing with Toby, did not see his visitor, until Mrs. Varden, more watchful than the rest, had desired Sim Tappertit to open the glass door and give him admission—from which untoward circumstance the good lady argued (for she could deduce a most precious moral from the most trifling event) that to take a draught of small ale in the morning was to observe a pernicious, irreligious, and Pagan custom, the relish whereof should be left to swine, and Satan, or at least to Popish persons, and should be shunned by the righteous as a work of sin and evil. She would no doubt have pursued her admonition much farther, and would have founded on it a long list of precious precepts of inestimable value, but that the young gentleman standing by in a somewhat uncomfortable and discomfited manner while she read her spouse this lecture, occasioned her to bring it to a permanent conclusion.

"I'm sure you 'll excuse me, sir," said Mrs. Varden, rising and curtseying. "Varden is so very thoughtless, and needs so much reminding—Sim, bring a chair here."

Mr. Tappertit obeyed, with a flourish implying that he did so, under protest.

"And you can go, Sim," said the locksmith.

Mr. Tappertit obeyed again, still under protest; and betaking himself to the workshop, began seriously to fear that he might find it necessary to poison his master, before his time was out.

In the meantime, Edward returned suitable replies to Mrs. Varden's courtesies, and that lady brightened up very much; so that when he accepted a dish of tea from the fair hands of Dolly, she was perfectly agreeable.

"I am sure if there 's anything we can do—Varden, or I, or Dolly either—to serve you, sir, at any time, you have only to say it, and it shall be done," said Mrs. V.

"I am obliged to you, I am sure," returned Edward. "You encourage me to say that I have come here now to beg your good offices."

Mrs. Varden was delighted beyond measure.

"It occurred to me that probably your fair daughter might be going to the Warren, either to-day or to-morrow," said Edward, glancing at Dolly; "and if so, and you will allow her to take charge of this letter, Ma'am, you will oblige me more than I can tell you. The truth is, that while I am very anxious it should reach its destination, I have particular reasons for not trusting it to any other conveyance; so that without your help, I am wholly at a loss."

"She was not going that way, sir, either to-day or to-morrow, nor indeed all next week," the lady graciously rejoined, "but we shall be very glad to put ourselves out of the way on your account, and if you wish it, you may depend on its going to-day. You might suppose," said Mrs. Varden, frowning at her husband, "from Varden's sitting there so glum and silent, that he objected to this arrangement; but you must not mind that, sir, if you please. It 's his way at home. Out of doors he can be cheerful and talkative enough."

Now, the fact was, that the unfortunate locksmith, blessing his stars to find his helpmate in such good humor, had been sitting with a beaming face, hearing this discourse with a joy past all expression. Wherefore this sudden attack quite took him by surprise.

"My dear Martha—" he said.

"Oh yes, I dare say," interrupted Mrs. Varden, with a smile of mingled scorn and pleasantry. "Very dear; we all know that."

"No, but my good soul," said Gabriel, "you are quite mistaken. You are, indeed. I was delighted to find you so kind and ready. I waited, my dear, anxiously, I assure you, to hear what you would say."

"You waited anxiously," repeated Mrs. V. "Yes: Thank you, Varden. You waited, as you always do, that I might bear the blame, if any came of it. But I am used to it," said the lady, with a kind of solemn titter, "and that 's my comfort!"

"I give you my word, Martha—" said Gabriel.

"Let me give you my word, my dear," interposed his wife with a christian smile, "that such discussions as these between married people, are much better left alone. Therefore, if you please, Varden, we 'll drop the subject. I have no wish to pursue it. I could—I might say a great deal. But I would rather not. Pray don't say any more."

"I do n't want to say any more," rejoined the goaded locksmith.

"Well then, do n't," said Mrs. Varden.

"Nor did I begin it Martha," added the locksmith, good humoredly, "I must say that."

"You did not begin it, Varden!" exclaimed his wife, opening her eyes wide and looking round upon the company, as though she would say, you hear this man! "You did not begin it, Varden! But you shall not say I was out of temper. No, you did not begin it, oh dear no, not you, my dear!"

"Well, well," said the locksmith. "That 's settled then."

"Oh yes," rejoined his wife, "quite. If you like to say Dolly began it, my dear, I shall not contradict you. I know my duty. I need know it, I am sure. I am often obliged to bear it in mind, when my inclination perhaps would be for the moment to forget it. Thank you, Varden." And so, with a mighty show of humility and forgiveness, she folded her hands, and looked round again, with a smile which plainly said "If you desire to see the first and foremost among female martyrs, here she is, in view!"

This little incident, illustrative though it was of Mrs. Varden's extraordinary sweetness and amiability, had so strong a tendency to check the conversation and to disconcert all parties but that excellent lady, that only a few monosyllables were uttered until Edward withdrew; which he presently did, thanking the lady of the house a great many times for her condescension, and whispering in Dolly's ear that he would call on the morrow, in case there should happen to be an answer to the note—which, indeed, she knew without his telling, as Barnaby and his friend Grip had dropped in on the previous night to prepare her for the visit which was then terminating.

Gabriel, who had attended Edward to the door, came back with his hands in his pockets; and, after fidgeting about the room in a very uneasy manner, and casting a great many sidelong looks at Mrs. Varden (who with the calmest countenance in the world was five fathoms deep in he Protestant Manual,) inquired of Dolly how she meant to go. Dolly supposed by the stage-coach, and looked at her lady mother, who finding herself silently appealed to, dived down at least another fathom into the Manual, and became unconscious of all earthly things.

"Martha—" said the locksmith.

"I hear you, Varden," said his wife, without rising to the surface.

"I am sorry, my dear, you have such an objection to the Maypole and old John, for otherways as it 's a very fine morning, and Saturday's not a busy day with us, we might have all three gone to Chigwell in the chaise, and had quite a happy day of it."

Mrs. Varden immediately closed the Manual, and bursting into tears, requested to be led up stairs.

"What is the matter now, Martha?" inquired the locksmith.

To which Martha rejoined "Oh! do n't speak to me," and protested in agony, that if anybody had told her so, she would n't have believed it.

"But Martha," said Gabriel, putting himself in the way as she was moving off with the aid of Dolly's shoulder, "would n't have believed what? Tell me what 's wrong now. Do tell me. Upon my soul I do n't know. Do you know, child? Damme!" cried the locksmith, plucking at his wig in a kind of frenzy, "nobody does know, I verily believe, but Miggs!"

"Miggs," said Mrs. Varden faintly, and with symptoms of approaching incoherence, "is attached to me, and that is sufficient to draw down hatred upon her in this house. She is a comfort to me, whatever she may be to others."

"She 's no comfort to me," cried Gabriel, made bold by despair. "She 's the misery of my life. She 's all the plagues of Egypt in one."

"She 's considered so, I have no doubt," said Mrs. Varden. "I was prepared for that; it 's natural; it 's of a piece with the rest. When you taunt me as you do to my face, how can I wonder that you taunt her behind her back!" And here the incoherence coming on very strong, Mrs. Varden wept, and laughed, and sobbed, and shivered, and hiccoughed, and choked; and said she knew it was very foolish but she could n't help it; and that when she was dead and gone, perhaps they would be sorry for it—which really under the circumstances did not appear quite so probable as she seemed to think—with a great deal more to the same effect. In a word, she passed with great decency through all the ceremonies incidental to such occasions; and being supported up-stairs, was deposited in a highly spasmodic state on her own bed, where Miss Miggs shortly afterwards flung herself upon the body.

The philosophy of all this was, that Mrs. Varden wanted to go to Chigwell; that she did not want to make any concession or explanation; that she would only go on being implored and entreated so to do; and that she would accept no other terms. Accordingly, after a vast amount of moaning and crying up-stairs, and much damping of foreheads, and vinegaring of temples, and hartshorning of noses, and so forth; and after most pathetic adjurations from Miggs, assisted by warm brandy-and-water not over-weak, and divers other cordials, also of a stimulating quality, administered at first in tea-spoonsful and afterwards in increasing doses, and of which Miss Miggs herself partook as a preventive measure (for fainting is infectious;) after all these remedies, and many more too numerous to mention, but not to take, had been applied; and many verbal consolations, moral, religious, and miscellaneous, had been superadded thereto; the locksmith humbled himself, and the end was gained.

"If it 's only for the sake of peace and quietness, father," said Dolly, urging him to go up-stairs.

"Oh, Doll, Doll," said her good-natured father. "If you ever have a husband of your own—"

Dolly glanced at the glass.

"—Well, when you have," said the locksmith, "never faint, my darling. More domestic unhappiness has come of easy fainting, Doll, than from all the greater passions put together. Remember that, my dear, if you would be really happy, which you never can be, if your husband is n't. And a word in your ear, my precious. Never have a Miggs about you!"

With this advice he kissed his blooming daughter on the cheek, and slowly repaired to Mrs. Varden's room; where that lady, lying all pale and languid on her couch, was refreshing herself with a sight of her last new bonnet, which Miggs, as a means of calming her scattered spirits, displayed to the best advantage at her bedside.

"Here 's master, mim," said Miggs. "Oh, what a happiness it is when man and wife come round again! Oh, gracious, to think that him and her should ever have a word together!" In the energy of these sentiments, which were uttered as an apostrophe to the heavens in general, Miss Miggs perched the bonnet on the top of her own head, and folding her hands, turned on her tears.

"I can't help it," cried Miggs. "I could n't, if I was to be drowned in 'em. She has such a forgiving spirit! She 'll forget all that has passed, and go along with you, sir—Oh, if it was to the world's end, she d' go along with you."

Mrs. Varden with a faint smile gently reproved her attendant for this enthusiasm, and reminded her at the same time that she was too far unwell to venture out that day.

"Oh no, you 're not, mim, indeed you 're not," said Miggs; "I repeal to master; master knows you 're not, mim. The hair, and motion of the shay, will do you good,

mim, and you must not give way, you must rally. She must keep up, must n't she, sir, for all our sakes? I was a telling her that, just now. She must remember us, even if she forgets herself. Master will persuade you, mim, I 'm sure. There 's Miss Dolly 's a going, you know, and master, and you, and all so happy and so comfortable. Oh!" cried Miggs, turning on the tears again, previous to quitting the room in great emotion, "I never see such a blessed one as she is for the forgiveness of her spirit, I never, never, never did. Nor more did master neither; no, nor no one—never!"

For five minutes or thereabouts, Mrs. Varden remained mildly opposed to all her husband's prayers that she would oblige him by taking a day's pleasure, but relenting at length, she suffered herself to be persuaded, and granting him her free forgiveness (the merit whereof, she meekly said, rested with the Manual and not with her,) desired that Miggs might come and help her dress. The handmaid attended promptly, and it is but justice to their joint exertions to record that, when the good lady came down stairs in course of time, completely decked out for their journey, she really looked as if nothing had happened, and appeared in the very best health imaginable.

As to Dolly, there she was again, the very pink and pattern of good looks, in a smart little cherry-colored mantle, with a hood of the same drawn over her head, and upon the top of that hood, a little straw hat trimmed with cherry-colored ribbons, and worn the merest trifle on one side—just enough in short to make it the wickedest and most provoking head-dress that ever malicious milliner devised. And not to speak of the manner in which these cherry-colored decorations brightened her eyes, or vied with her lips, or shed a new bloom on her face, she wore such a cruel little muff, and such a heart-rending pair of shoes, and was so surrounded and hemmed in, as it were, by aggravations, that when Mr. Tappertit, holding the horse's head, saw her come out of the house alone, such impulses came over him to decoy her into the chaise and drive off like mad, that he would unquestionably have done it, but for certain uneasy doubts besetting him as to the shortest way to Gretna Green; whether it was up the street or down, or up the right-hand turning or the left; and whether, supposing all the turnpikes to be carried by storm, the blacksmith in the end would marry them on credit; which by reason of his clerical office appeared, even to his excited imagination, so unlikely, that he hesitated. And while he stood hesitating, and looking post-chaises-and-six at Dolly, out came his master and his mistress, and the constant Miggs, and the opportunity was gone for ever. For now the chaise creaked upon its springs, and Mrs. Varden was inside; and now it creaked again, and more than ever, and the locksmith was inside; and now it bounded once, as if its heart beat lightly, and Dolly was inside; and now it was gone and its place was empty, and he and that dreary Miggs were standing in the street together.

The hearty locksmith was in as good humor as if nothing had occurred for the last twelve months to put him out of his way, Dolly was all smiles and graces, and Mrs. Varden was agreeable beyond all precedent. As they jogged through the streets, talking of this thing and of that, who should be descried upon the pavement but that very coachmaker, looking so genteel that nobody would have believed he had every any thing to do with a coach but riding in it, and bowing like any nobleman. To be sure Dolly was confused when she bowed again, and to be sure the cherry-colored ribbons trembled a little when she met his mournful eye, which seemed to say, 'I have kept my word, I have begun, the business is going to the devil, and you 're the cause of it.' There he stood, rooted to the ground: as Dolly said, like a statue; and as Mrs. Varden said, like a pump; till they turned the corner: and when her father thought it was like his impudence, and her mother wondered what he meant by it, Dolly blushed again till her very hood was pale.

But on they went, not less the merrily for this, and there was the locksmith in the incautious fulness of his heart "pulling up" at all manner of places, and evincing a most intimate acquaintance with all the taverns on the road, and all the landlords and all the landladies, with whom, indeed, the little horse was on equally friendly terms, for he kept on stopping of his own accord. Never were people so glad to see other people as these landlords and landladies were to behold Mr. and Mrs. Varden and Miss Varden, and would n't they get out, said one; and they really must walk up stairs; said another, and she would take it ill and be quite certain they were proud if they would n't have a little taste of something, said a third; and so on, that it really was quite a Progress rather than a ride, and one continued scene of hospitality from beginning to end. It was pleasant enough to be held in such esteem, not to mention the refreshments; so Mrs. Varden said nothing at the time, and was all affability and delight—but such a body of evidence as she collected against the unfortunate locksmith that day, to be used thereafter as occasion might require, never got together for matrimonial purposes.

In course of time—and in course of a pretty long time too, for these agreeable interruptions delayed them not a little,—they arrived upon the skirts of the Forest, and riding pleasantly on among the trees, came at last to the Maypole, where the locksmith's cheerful "Yoho!" speedily brought to the porch old John, and after him young Joe, both of whom were so transfixed at sight of the ladies, that for a moment they were perfectly unable to give them any welcome, and could do nothing but stare.

It was only for a moment, however, that Joe forgot himself, for speedily reviving he thrust his drowsy father aside—to Mr. Willet's mighty and inexpressible indignation—and darting out, stood ready to help them to alight. It was necessary for Dolly to get out first. Joe had her in his arms;—yes, though for a space of time no longer than you could count one in, Joe had her in his arms. Here was a glimpse of happiness!

It would be difficult to describe what a flat and commonplace affair the helping Mrs. Varden out afterwards was, but Joe did it, and did it too, with the best grace in the world. Then old Joe, who, entertaining a dull and foggy sort of idea that Mrs. Varden wasn't fond of him, had been in some doubt whether she might not have come for purposes of assault and battery, took courage, hoped she was well, and offered to conduct her into the house. This tender being amicably received, they marched in together; Joe and Dolly followed, arm-in-arm, (happiness again!) and Varden brought up the rear.

Old John would have it that they must sit in the bar, and nobody objecting, into the bar they went. All bars are snug places, but the Maypole's was the very snuggest, coziest, and completest bar, that ever the wit of man devised. Such amazing bottles in old oaken pigeon-holes; such gleaming tankards dangling from pegs at about the same inclination as thirsty men would hold them to their lips; such sturdy little Dutch kegs ranged in rows on shelves; so many lemons hanging in separate nets, and forming the fragrant grove already mentioned in this chronicle, suggestive, with goodly loaves of snowy sugar stowed away hard by, of punch, idealised beyond all mortal knowledge; such closets, such presses, such drawers full of pipes, such places for putting things away in hollow window-seats, all crammed to the throats with eatables, drinkables, or savory condiments; lastly, and to crown all, as typical of the immense resources of the establishment, and its defiances to all visitors to cut and come again, a stupendous cheese!

It is a poor heart that never rejoices—it must have been the poorest, weakest, and most watery heart that ever beat, which would not have warmed towards the Maypole bar. Mrs. Varden's did directly. She could have no more reproached John Willet among those household gods, the kegs and bottles, lemons, pipes, and cheese, than she could have stabbed him with his own bright carving-knife. The order for dinner too—it might have soothed a savage. "A bit of fish," said John to the cook, "and some lamb chops (breaded, with plenty of ketchup), and a good salad, and a roast spring chicken, with a dish of sausages and mashed potatoes, or something of that sort." Something of that sort! The resources of these inns! To talk carelessly about dishes, which in themselves were a first-rate holiday kind of dinner, suitable to one's wedding day, or something of that sort: meaning, if you can't get a spring chicken, any other trifle in the way of poultry will do—such as a Peacock, perhaps! The kitchen too, with its great, broad, cavernous chimney; the kitchen, where nothing in the way of cookery seemed impossible; where you could believe in anything to eat, they chose to tell you of. Mrs. Varden returned from the contemplation of those wonders to the bar again, with a head quite dizzy and bewildered. She was obliged to go to sleep. Waking was pain, in the midst of such immensity.

Dolly in the meanwhile, whose gay heart and head ran upon other matters, passed out at the garden door, and glancing back now and then (but of course not wondering whether Joe saw her), tripped away by a path across the fields with which she was well acquainted, to discharge her mission at the Warren; and this deponent hath been informed and verily believes, that you might have seen many less pleasant objects than the cherry-coloured mantle and ribbons, as they went fluttering along the green meadows in the bright light of the day, like giddy things as they were.

CHAPTER XX.

The proud consciousness of her trust, and the great importance she derived from it, might have advertised it to all the house if she had had to run the gauntlet of its inhabitants; but as Dolly had played in every dull room and passage many and many a time, when a child, and had ever since been the humble friend of Miss Haredale, whose foster-sister she was, she was as free of the building as the young lady herself. So using no greater precaution than holding her breath and walking on tiptoe as she passed the library door, she went straight to Emma's room as a privileged visitor.

It was the liveliest room in the building. The chamber was sombre like the rest for the matter of that, but the presence of youth and beauty would make a prison cheerful (saving alas! that confinement withers them), and lend some charms of their own to the gloomiest scene. Birds, flowers, books, drawing, music, and a hundred such graceful tokens of feminine loves and cares, filled it with more of life and human sympathy than the whole house besides seemed to be made to hold. There was heart in the room; and who that has a heart, ever fails to recognize the silent presence of another!

Dolly had one undoubtedly, and it was not a tough one either, though there was a little mist of coquettishness about it, such as sometimes surrounds that sun of life in its morning, and slightly dims its lustre. Thus, when Emma rose to greet her, and kissing her affectionately on the cheek, told her, in her quiet way, that she had been very unhappy, the tears stood in Dolly's eyes, and she felt more sorry than she could tell; but next moment she happened to raise them to the glass, and really there was something there so exceedingly agreeable, that as she sighed, she smiled, and felt surprisingly consoled.

"I have heard about it Miss," said Dolly, "and it's very sad indeed, but when things are at the worst they are sure to mend."

"But are you sure they are at the worst?" asked Emma with a smile.

"Why, I do n't see how they can very well be more unpromising than they are; I really do n't," said Dolly, "And I bring something to begin with.

"Not from Edward?"

Dolly nodded and smiled, and feeling in her pockets, (there were pockets in those days) with an affectation of not being able to find what she wanted, which greatly enhanced her importance, at length produced the letter. As Emma hastily broke the seal and became absorbed in its contents, Dolly's eyes, by one of those strange accidents for which there is no accounting, wandered to the glass again. She could not help wondering whether the coachmaker suffered very much, and quite pitied the poor man.

It was a long letter—a very long letter, written close on all four sides of the sheet of paper, and crossed afterwards; but it was not a consolatory letter, for as Emma read it she stopped from time to time to put her handkerchief to her eyes. To be sure Dolly marveled greatly to see her in so much distress, for to her thinking a love affair ought to be one of the best jokes, and the slyest, merriest kind of thing in life. But she set it down in her own mind that all this came from Miss Haredale's being so constant, and that if she would only take on with some other young gentleman—just in the most innocent way possible, to keep her first lover up to the mark—she would find herself inexpressibly comforted.

"I am sure that's what I should do if it was me," thought Dolly. "To make one's sweethearts miserable is well enough and quite right, but to be made miserable one's self is a little too much!"

However it would n't do to say so, and therefore she sat looking on in silence. She needed a pretty considerable stretch of patience, for when the long letter had been read once all through it was read again, and when it had been read twice all through it was read again. During this tedious process, Dolly beguiled the time in the most improving manner that occurred to her, by curling her hair on her fingers, with the aid of the looking-glass, before mentioned, and giving it some killing twists.

Every thing has an end. Even young ladies in love cannot read their letters for ever. In course of time the packet was folded up, and it only remained to write the answer.

But as this promised to be a work of time likewise, Emma said she would put it off until after dinner, and that Dolly must dine with her. As Dolly had made up her mind to do so beforehand, she required very little pressing; and when they had settled this point, they went to walk in the garden.

They strolled up and down the terrace walks, talking incessantly—at least, Dolly never left off once—and making that quarter of the sad and mournful house quite gay. Not that they talked loudly or laughed much, but they were both so very handsome, and it was such a breezy day, and their light dresses and dark curls appeared so free and joyous in their abandonment, and Emma was so fair, and Dolly so rosy, and Emma so delicately shaped, and Dolly so plump, and—in short, there are no flowers for any garden like such flowers, let horticulturists say what they may, and both house and garden seemed to know it, and to brighten up sensibly.

After this, came the dinner and the letter writing, and some more talking, in the course of which Miss Haredale took occasion to charge upon Dolly certain flirtish and inconstant propensities, which accusations Dolly seemed to think very complimentary indeed, and to be mightily amused with. Finding her quite incorrigible in this respect, Emma suffered her to depart; but not before she had confided to her that important and never-sufficiently-to-be-taken-care-of answer, and endowed her, moreover, with a pretty little bracelet as a keepsake. Having clasped it on her arm, and again advised her half in jest and half in earnest to amend her roguish ways, for she knew she was fond of Joe at heart (which Dolly stoutly denied, with a great many haughty protestations that she hoped she could do better than that indeed! and so forth,) she bade her farewell; and after calling her back to give her more supplementary messages for Edward, than any body with tenfold the gravity of Dolly Varden could be reasonably expected to remember, at length dismissed her.

Dolly bade her good by, [and tripping lightly down the stairs arrived at the dreaded library door, and was about to pass it again on tiptoe, when it opened, and behold! there stood Mr. Haredale. Now, Dolly from her childhood associated with this gentleman the idea of something grim and ghostly, and being at the moment conscience-stricken besides, the sight of him threw her into such a flurry that she could neither acknowledge his presence or run away, so she gave a great start, and then with downcast eyes stood still and trembled.

"Come here, girl," said Mr. Haredale, taking her by the hand. "I want to speak to you."

"If you please sir, I'm in a hurry," faltered Dolly, "and —and you have frightened me by coming so suddenly upon me sir—I would rather go sir, if you'll be so good as to let me."

"Immediately," said Mr. Haredale, who had by this time led her into the room and closed the door. "You shall go directly. You have just left Emma?"

"Yes sir, just this minute.—Father's waiting for me, if you'll please to have the goodness——"

"I know—I know," said Haredale. Answer me a question. What did you bring here to-day?"

"Bring here, sir?" faltered Dolly.

Dolly hesitated for a little while, and, somewhat emboldened by his manner, said at last, "Well then sir. It was a letter."

"From Mr. Edward Chester, of course. And you are the bearer of the answer?"

Dolly hesitated again, and not being able to decide upon any other course of action, burst into tears.

"You alarm yourself without cause," said Mr. Haredale. "Why are you so foolish? Surely you can answer me. You know that I have but to put the question to Emma and learn the truth directly. Have you the answer with you?"

Dolly had what is popularly called a spirit of her own, and being now fairly at bay, made the best of it.

"Yes sir," she rejoined, trembling and frightened as she was "Yes sir, I have. You may kill me if you please sir, but I won't give it up. I'm very sorry,—but I won't. There sir."

"I commend your firmness, and your plain-speaking," said Mr. Haredale. "Rest assured that I have as little desire to take your letter as your life. You are a very discreet messenger, and a good girl"

Not feeling quite certain, as she afterwards said, whether he might not be "coming over her" with these compliments, Dolly kept as far from him as she could, cried again, and resolved to defend her pocket (for the letter was there) to the last extremity.

"I have some design" said Mr. Haredale after a short silence, during which a smile, as he regarded her, had struggled through the gloom and melancholy that was natural to his face, "of providing a companion for my niece; for her life is a very lonely one. Would you like the office? You are the oldest friend she has, and the best entitled to it."

"I don't know sir," answered Dolly, not sure but he was bantering her; "I can't say. I don't know what they might want at home. I couldn't give an opinion sir."

"If your friends had no objection, would you have any?" said Mr. Haredale. "Come. There's a plain question; and easy to answer."

"None at all that I know of sir," replied Dolly. "I should be very glad to be near Miss Emma of course, and always am."

"That's well," said Mr. Haredale. "That is all I had to say. You are anxious to go. Don't let me detain you."

Dolly didn't let him, nor did she wait for him to try, for the words had no sooner passed his lips than she was out of the room, out of the house, and in the fields again.

The first thing to be done, of course, when she came to herself and considered what a flurry she had been in, was to cry afresh; and the next thing, when she reflected how well she had got over it, was to laugh heartily. The tears once banished gave place to the smiles, and at last Dolly laughed so much that she was fain to lean against a tree, and give vent to her exultation. When she could laugh no longer, and was quite tired, she put her head-dress to rights, dried her eyes, looked back very merrily and triumphantly at the Warren chimneys, which were just visible, and resumed her walk.

The twilight had come on, and it was quickly growing dusk, but the path was so familiar to her from frequent traversing that she hardly thought of this, and certainly felt no uneasiness at being left alone. Moreover there was the bracelet to admire; and when she had given it a good rub, and held it out at arm's length, it sparkled and glittered so beautifully on her wrist, that to look at it in every point of view and with every possible turn of the arm, was quite an absorbing business. There was the letter, too, and it looked so mysterious and knowing, when she took it out of her pocket, and it held, as she knew, so much inside, that to turn it over and over, and think about it, and wonder how it began, and how it ended, and what it said all through, was another matter of constant occupation. Between the bracelet and the letter, there was quite enough to do without thinking of anything else; and admiring each by turns, Dolly went on gaily.

As she passed through a wicket gate to where the path was narrow, and lay between two hedges garnished here and there with trees, she heard a rustling close at hand, which brought her to a sudden stop. She listened. All was very quiet, and she went on again—not absolutely frightened, but a little quicker than before perhaps, and possibly not quite so much at her ease, for a check of that kind is startling.

She had no sooner moved on again, than she was conscious of the same sound, which was like that of a person trampling stealthily among bushes and brushwood. Looking towards the spot whence it appeared to come, she almost fancied she could make out a crouching figure. She stopped again. All was quiet as before. On she went—decidedly faster now—and tried to sing softly to herself. It must be the wind.

But how came the wind to blow only when she walked, and cease when she stood still? She stopped involuntarily as she made the reflection, and the rustling noise stopped likewise. She was really frightened now, and was yet hesitating what to do, when the bushes crackled and snapped, and a man came plunging through them, close before her.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was for the moment an inexpressible relief to Dolly, to recognise in the person who forced himself into the path so abruptly, and now stood directly in her way, Hugh of the Maypole, whose name she uttered in a tone of delighted surprise that came from her heart.

"Was it you?" she said, "how glad I am to see you! and how could you terrify me so!"

In answer to which, he said nothing at all, but stood quite still, looking at her.

"Did you come to meet me?" asked Dolly.

Hugh nodded, and muttered something to the effect that he had been waiting for her, and had expected her sooner.

"I thought it likely they would send," said Dolly, greatly re-assured by this.

"Nobody sent me," was his sullen answer. "I came of my own accord."

The rough bearing of this fellow, and his, wild uncouth appearance, had often filled the girl with vague apprehension even when other people were by, and had occasioned her to shrink from him involuntarily. The having him for an unbidden companion in so solitary a place, with the darkness fast gathering about them, renewed and even increased the alarm she had felt at first.

If his manner had been merely dogged and passively fierce, as usual, she would have had no greater dislike to his company than she always felt—perhaps, indeed, would have been rather glad to have had him at hand. But there was something of coarse, bold admiration in his look, which terrified her very much. She glanced timidly towards him, uncertain whether to go forward or retreat, and he stood gazing at her like a handsome satyr; and so they remained for some short time without stirring or breaking silence. At length Dolly took courage, shot past him, and hurried on.

"Why do you spend so much breath in avoiding me?" said Hugh, accommodating his pace to hers, and keeping close at her side.

"I wish to get back as quickly as I can, and you walk too near me," answered Dolly.

"Too near!" said Hugh, stooping over her so that she could feel his breath upon her forehead. "Why too near? You're always proud to *me*, mistress."

"I am proud to no one. You mistake me," answered Dolly. "Fall back, if you please, or go on."

"Nay, mistress," he rejoined, endeavoring to draw her arm through his. "I'll walk with you."

She released herself, and clenching her little hand, struck him with right good will. At this Maypole Hugh burst into a roar of laughter, and passing his arm about her waist, held her in his strong grasp as easily as if she had been a bird.

"Ha ha ha! Well done, mistress! Strike again. You shall beat my face, and tear my hair, and pluck my beard up by the roots, and welcome, for the sake of your bright eyes. Strike again, mistress. Do. Ha ha ha! I like it."

"Let me go," she cried, endeavoring with both her hands to push him off. "Let me go this moment."

"You had as good be kinder to me, Sweetlips," said Hugh. "You had, indeed. Come. Tell me now. Why are you always so proud? I do n't quarrel with you for it. I love you when you're proud. Ha ha ha! You can't hide your beauty from a poor fellow; that's a comfort!"

She gave him no answer, but as he had not yet checked her progress, continued to press forward as rapidly as she could. At length, between the hurry she had made, her terror, and the tightness of his embrace, her strength failed her, and she could go no further.

"Hugh," cried the panting girl, "good Hugh; if you will leave me I will give you anything—everything I have—and never tell one word of this to any living creature."

"You had best not," he answered. "Harkye, little dove, you had best not. All about here know me, and what I dare do if I have a mind. If ever you are going to tell, stop when the words are on your lips, and think of the mischief you'll bring, if you do, upon some innocent heads that you would n't wish to hurt a hair of. Bring trouble on me, and I'll bring trouble and something more on them in return. I care no more for them than for so many dogs; not so much—why should I? I'd sooner kill a man than a dog any day. I've never been sorry for a man's death in all my life, and have for a dog's."

There was something so thoroughly savage in the manner of these expressions, and the looks and gestures by which they were accompanied, that her great fear of him gave her new strength, and enabled her by a sudden effort to extricate herself and run fleetly from him. But Hugh was as nimble, strong, and swift of foot, as any man in broad England, and it was but a fruitless expediture of energy, for he had her in his encircling arms again before she had gone a hundred yards.

"Softly, darling—gently—would you fly from rough Hugh, that loves you as well as any drawing-room gallant?"

"I would," she answered, struggling to free herself again. "I will. Help!"

"A fine for crying out," said Hugh. "Ha, ha, ha! A fine, pretty one, from your lips. I pay myself! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help! Help! Help!" As she shrieked with the utmost violence she could exert, a shout was heard in answer, and another, and another.

"Thank Heaven!" cried the girl in an ecstacy. "Joe, dear Joe, this way. Help!"

Her assailant paused, and stood irresolute for a moment, but the shouts drawing nearer and coming quick upon them, forced him to a speedy decision. He released her, whispering with a menacing look, "Tell *him*; and see what follows!" and leaping the hedge, was gone in an instant. Dolly darted off, and fairly ran into Joe Willet's open arms.

"What is the matter? are you hurt? what was it? who was it? where is he? what was he like?" with a great many encouraging expressions and assurances of safety, were the first words Joe poured forth. But poor little Dolly was so breathless and terrified, that for some time she was quite unable to answer him, and hung upon his shoulder, sobbing and crying as if her heart would break.

Joe had not the smallest objection to have her hanging on his shoulder; no, not the least, though it crushed the cherry-colored ribbons sadly, and put the smart little hat out of all shape. But he could n't bear to see her cry; it went to his very heart. He tried to console her, bent over her—some say kissed her, but that 's a fable. At any rate he said all the kind and tender things he could think of, and Dolly let him go on and did n't interrupt him once, and it was a good ten minutes before she was able to raise her head and thank him.

"What was it that frightened you?" said Joe.

A man whose person was unknown to her had followed her, she answered; he began by begging, and went on to threats of robbery, which he was on the point of carrying into execution, and would have executed, but for Joe's timely aid. The hesitation and confusion with which she said this, Joe attributed to the fright she had sustained, and no suspicion of the truth occurred to him for a moment.

"Stop when the words are on your lips." A hundred times that night, and very often afterward, when the disclosure was rising to her tongue, Dolly thought of that, and repressed it. A deeply rooted dread of the man; the conviction that his ferocious nature, once roused, would stop at nothing; and the strong assurance that if she impeached him, the full measure of his wrath and vengeance would be wreaked on Joe, who had preserved her; these were considerations she had not the courage to overcome, and inducements for secrecy too powerful for her to surmount.

Joe, for his part, was a great deal too happy to inquire very curiously into the matter; and Dolly being yet too tremulous to walk without assistance, they went forward very slowly, and in his mind very pleasantly, when Dolly stopped suddenly and with a half scream exclaimed,

"The letter!"

"What letter?" cried Joe.

"That I was carrying—I had it in my hand. My bracelet too," she said, clasping her wrist. "I have lost them both."

"Do you mean just now?" said Joe.

"Either I dropped them then, or they were taken from me," answered Dolly, vainly searching her pocket and rustling her dress. "They are gone, both gone. What an unhappy girl I am!" With these words poor Dolly, who to do her justice was quite as sorry for the loss of the letter as for her bracelet, fell a crying again, and bemoaned her fate most movingly.

Joe tried to comfort her with the assurance that directly he had housed her safely in the Maypole, he would return to the spot with a lantern (for it was now quite dark) and make strict search for the missing articles, which there was great probability of his finding, as it was not likely that anybody had passed that way since, and she was not conscious of their having been forcibly taken from her. Dolly thanked him very heartily for his offer, though with no great hope of his quest being successful; and so, with many lamentations on her side, and many hopeful words on his, and much weakness on the part of Dolly, and much tender supporting on the part of Joe, they reached the Maypole bar at last, where the locksmith and his wife and old John were yet keeping high festival.

Mr. Willet received the intelligence of Dolly's trouble with that surprising presence of mind and readiness of speech for which he was so eminently distinguished above all other men. Mrs. Varden expressed her sympathy for her daughter's distress by scolding her roundly for being so late; and the honest locksmith divided himself between condoling with and kissing Dolly, and shaking hands heartily with Joe, whom he could not sufficiently praise or thank.

In reference to this latter point, old John was far from agreeing with his friend; for besides that he by no means approved of an adventurous spirit in the abstract, it occurred to him that if his son and heir had been seriously damaged in a scuffle, the consequences would assuredly have been expensive and inconvenient, and might perhaps have proved detrimental to the Maypole business. Wherefore, and because he looked with no favorable eye upon young girls, but rather considered that they and the whole female sex were a kind of nonsensical mistake on the part of Nature, he took occasion to retire and shake his head in private at the boiler; inspired by which silent oracle, he was moved to give Joe various stealthy nudges with his elbow, as a parental reproof and gentle admonition to mind his own business and not make a fool of himself.

Joe, however, took down the lantern and lighted it; and, arming himself with a stout stick, asked whether Hugh was in the stable.

"He 's lying asleep before the kitchen fire, sir," said Mr. Willet. "What do you want with him?"

"I want him to come with me to look after this bracelet and letter," answered Joe. "Halloa there! Hugh!"

Dolly turned as pale as death, and felt as if she must faint forthwith. After a few moments, Hugh came staggering in, stretching himself and yawning according to custom, and presenting the appearance of having been roused from a sound nap.

"Here, sleepy-head," said Joe, giving him the lantern. "Carry this, and bring the dog, and that small cudgel of yours. And woe betide the fellow if we come upon him."

"What fellow?" growled Hugh, rubbing his eyes and shaking himself.

"What fellow!" returned Joe, who was in a state of

great valor and bustle; "a fellow you ought to know of, and be more alive about. It 's well for the like of you, lazy giant that you are; to be snoring your time away in chimney-corners, when honest men's daughters can 't cross even our quiet meadows at nightfall without being set upon by footpads, and frightened out of their precious lives."

"They never rob me," cried Hugh with a laugh. "I have got nothing to lose. But I 'd as lief knock them at head as any other man. How many are there?"

"Only one," said Dolly, for everybody looked at her.

"And what was he like, mistress?" said Hugh with a glance at young Willet, so slight and momentary that the scowl it conveyed was lost on all but her. "About my height?"

"Not—not so tall," Dolly replied, scarce knowing what she said.

"His dress," said Hugh, looking at her keenly, "like—like any of ours now? I know all the people hereabouts, and may be could give a guess at the man, if I had anything to guide me."

Dolly faltered and turned paler yet; then answered that he was wrapped in a loose coat and had his face hidden by a handkerchief, and that she could give no other description of him.

"You wouldn 't know him if you saw him then, belike?" said Hugh with a malicious grin.

"I should not," answered Dolly, bursting into tears again. "I don 't wish to see him. I can 't bear to think of him. I can't talk about him any more. Don 't go to look for these things, Mr. Joe, pray don 't. I entreat you not to go with that man."

"Not to go with me!" cried Hugh. "I 'm enough for them all. They 're all afraid of me. Why, bless you, mistress, I 've the tenderest heart alive. I love all the ladies, ma'am," said Hugh, turning to the locksmith's wife.

Mrs. Varden opined that if he did, he ought to be ashamed of himself; such sentiments being more consistent (so she argued) with a benighted Mussulman or wild Islander than with a stanch Protestant. Arguing from this imperfect state of his morals, Mrs. Varden further opined that he had never studied the Manual. Hugh admitting that he never had, and moreover that he couldn 't read, Mrs. Varden declared with much severity, that he ought to be even more ashamed of himself than before, and strongly recommended him to save up his pocket money for the purchase of one, and further to teach himself the contents with all convenient diligence. She was still pursuing this train of discourse, when Hugh, somewhat unceremoniously and irreverently, followed his young master out, and left her to edify the rest of the company. This she proceeded to do, and finding that Mr. Willet's eyes were fixed upon her with an appearance of deep attention, gradually addressed the whole of her discourse to him, whom she entertained with a moral and theological lecture of considerable length, in the conviction that great workings were taking place in his spirit. The simple truth was, however, that Mr. Willet, although his eyes were wide open and he saw a woman before him whose head by long and steady looking at seemed to grow bigger and bigger until it filled the whole bar, was to all other intents and purposes fast asleep; and so sat leaning back in his chair with his hands in his pockets until his son's return caused him to wake up with a deep sigh, and a faint impression that he had been dreaming about pickled pork and greens—a vision of his slumbers which was no doubt referable to the circumstance of Mrs. Varden's having frequently pronounced the word "Grace" with much emphasis; which word, entering the portals of Mr. Willet's brain as they stood ajar, and coupling itself with the words "before meat," which were there ranging about, did in time suggest a particular kind of meat together with that description of vegetable which is usually its companion.

The search was wholly unsuccessful. Joe had groped along the path a dozen times, and among the grass, and in the dry ditch, and in the hedge, but all in vain. Dolly, who was quite inconsolable for her loss, wrote a note to Miss Haredale, giving her the same account of it that she had given at the Maypole, which Joe undertook to deliver as soon as the family were stirring next day. That done, they sat down to tea in the bar, where there was an uncommon display of buttered toast, and—in order that they might not grow faint for want of sustenance, and might have a decent halting-place or half-way house between dinner and supper—a few savory trifles in the shape of great rashers of broiled ham, which being well-cured, done to a turn, and smoking hot, sent forth a tempting and delicious fragrance.

Mrs. Vardon was seldom very Protestant at meals, unless it happened that they were under-done, or over-done, or indeed that anything occurred to put her out of humor. Her spirits rose considerably on beholding these goodly preparations, and from the nothingness of good works she passed to the somethingness of ham and toast with great cheerfulness. Nay, under the influence of these wholesome stimulants, she sharply reproved her daughter for being low and despondent, (which she considered an unacceptable frame of mind,) and remarked, as she held her own plate for a fresh supply, that it would be well for Dolly, who pined over the loss of a toy and a sheet of paper, if she would reflect upon the voluntary sacrifices of the missionaries in foreign parts who lived chiefly on salads.

The proceedings of such a day occasion various fluctuations in the human thermometer, and especially in instruments so sensitively and delicately constructed as Mrs. Varden. Thus, at dinner Mrs. V. stood at summer heat; genial, smiling, and delightful. After dinner, in the sunshine of the wine, she went up at least half a dozen degrees, and was perfectly enchanting. As its effect subsided, she fell rapidly, went to sleep for an hour or so at temperate, and awoke at something below freezing. Now she was at summer heat again, in the shade; and when tea was over, and old John, producing a bottle of cordial from one of the oaken cases, insisted on her sipping two glasses thereof in slow succession, she stood steadily at ninety for one hour and a quarter. Profiting by experience, the locksmith took advantage of this genial weather to smoke his pipe in the porch, and in consequence of this prudent management, he was fully prepared, when the glass went down again, to start homewards directly.

The horse was accordingly put in, and the chaise brought round to the door. Joe, who would on no account be dissuaded from escorting them until they had passed the most dreary and solitary part of the road, led out the gray mare at the same time; and having helped Dolly into her seat, (more happiness!) sprung gaily into the saddle. Then, after many good nights, and many admonitions to wrap up, and glancing of lights, and handing in of cloaks and shawls, the chaise rolled away, and Joe trotted beside it—on Dolly's side, no doubt, and pretty close to the wheel, too.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was a fine bright night, and for all her lowness of spirits Dolly kept looking up at the stars in a manner so bewitching (and *she* knew it!) that Joe was clean out of his senses, and plainly showed that if ever a man were—not to say over head and ears, but over the Monument and the top of Saint Paul's, in love, that man was himself. The road was a very good one—not at all a jolting road, or an uneven one—and yet Dolly held the side of the chaise with one little hand, all the way. If there had been an executioner behind him with an uplifted axe ready to chop his head off if he touched that hand, Joe couldn't have helped doing it. From putting his own hand upon it as if by chance, and taking it away again after a minute or so, he got to riding along without taking it off at all; as if he, the escort, were bound to do that as an important part of his duty, and had come out for the purpose. The most curious circumstance about this little incident was, that Dolly didn't seem to know of it. She looked so innocent and unconscious when she turned her eyes on Joe, that it was quite provoking.

She talked, though—talked about her fright, and about Joe's coming up to rescue her, and about her gratitude, and about her fear that she might not have thanked him enough, and about their always being friends from that time forth—and about all that sort of thing. And when Joe said, not friends he hoped, Dolly was quite surprised, and said not enemies she hoped; and when Joe, said, couldn't they be something much better than either, Dolly all of a sudden found out a star which was brighter than all the other stars, and begged to call his attention to the same, and was ten thousand times more innocent and unconscious than ever.

In this manner they traveled along, talking very little above a whisper, and wishing the road could be stretched out to some dozen times its natural length—at least that was Joe's desire—when, as they were getting clear of the forest, and emerging on the more frequented road, they heard behind them the sound of a horse's feet at a round trot, which growing rapidly louder as it drew nearer, elicited a scream from Mrs. Varden, and the cry "a friend!" from the rider, who now came panting up, and checked his horse beside them.

"This man again!" cried Dolly, shuddering.

"Hugh!" said Joe, "what errand are you upon?"

"I come to ride back with you," he answered, glancing covertly at the locksmith's daughter. "*He* sent me."

"My father!" said poor Joe; adding under his breath, with a very unfilial apostrophe, "Will he never think me man enough to take care of myself!"

"Ay!" returned Hugh to the first part of the inquiry.—"The roads are not safe just now, he says, and you 'd better have a companion."

"Ride on, then," said Joe. "I 'm not going to turn yet."

Hugh complied, and they went on again. It was his whim or humor to ride immediately before the chaise, and from this position he constantly turned his head, and looked back. Dolly felt that he looked at her, but she averted her eyes and feared to raise them once, so great was the dread with which he had inspired her.

This interruption, and the consequent wakefulness of Mrs. Varden, who had been nodding in her sleep up to this point, except for a minute or two at a time, when she roused herself to scold the locksmith for audaciously taking hold of her to prevent her nodding herself out of the chaise, put a restraint upon the whispered conversation, and made it difficult of resumption. Indeed, before they had gone another mile, Gabriel stopped at his wife's desire, and that good lady protested that she would not hear of Joe's going a step further on any account whatever. It was in vain for Joe to protest on the other hand that he was by no means tired, and would turn back presently, and would see them safely past such and such a point, and so forth. Mrs. Varden was obdurate, and being so, was not to be overcome by mortal agency.

"Good night—if I must say it," said Joe, sorrowfully.

"Good night," said Dolly. She would have added, "Take care of that man, and pray do n't trust him," but he had turned his horse's head, and was standing close to them. She had therefore nothing for it but to suffer Joe to give her hand a gentle squeeze, and when the chaise had gone on for some distance, to look back and wave it, as he still lingered on the spot where they had parted, with the tall figure of Hugh beside him.

What she thought about, going home, and whether the coachmaker held as favorable a place in her meditations as he had occupied in the morning, is unknown. They reached home at last—at last, for it was a long way, made none the shorter by Mrs. Varden's grumbling. Miggs hearing the sound of wheels was at the door immediately.

"Here they are, Simmun! Here they are!" cried Miggs, clapping her hands, and issuing forth to help her mistress to alight. "Bring a chair, Simmun. Now, an't you the better for it, mim? Don't you feel more yourself than you would have done if you 'd have stopped at home? Oh, gracious! how cold you are! Goodness me, sir, she 's a perfect heap of ice."

"I can't help it, my good girl. You had better take her in to the fire," said the locksmith.

"Master sounds unfeeling, mim," said Miggs, in a tone of commiseration, "but such is not his intentions, I 'm sure. After what he has seen of you this day, I never will believe but that he has a deal more affection in his heart than to speak unkind. Come in and sit yourself down by the fire; there 's a good dear—do."

Mrs. Varden complied. The locksmith followed with his hands in his pockets, and Mr. Tappertit trundled off with the chaise to a neighboring stable.

"Martha, my dear," said the locksmith, when they reached the parlor, "if you 'll look to Dolly yourself, or let somebody else do it, perhaps it will be only kind and reasonable. She has been frightened, you know, and is not at all well to-night."

In fact, Dolly had thrown herself upon the sofa, quite regardless of all the little finery of which she had been so proud in the morning, and with her face buried in her hands, was crying very much.

At first sight of this phenomenon (for Dolly was by no means accustomed to displays of this sort, rather learning from her mother's example to avoid them as much as possible,) Mrs. Varden expressed her belief that never was any woman so beset as she; that her life was a continued scene of trial; that whenever she was disposed to be well and cheerful, so sure were the people around her to throw, by some means or other, a damp upon her spirits; and that, as she had enjoyed herself that day, and Heaven knew it was very seldom she did enjoy herself, so she was now to pay the penalty. To all such propositions Miggs assented freely. Poor Dolly, however, grew none the better for these restoratives but rather worse, indeed; and seeing that she was really ill, both Mrs. Varden and Miggs were moved to compassion, and tended her in earnest.

But even then, their very kindness shaped itself into their usual course of policy, and though Dolly was in a swoon, it was rendered clear to the meanest capacity, that Mrs. Varden was the sufferer. Thus, when Dolly began to get a little better, and passed into that stage in which matrons hold that remonstrance and argument may be successfully applied, her mother represented to her, with tears in her eyes, that if she had been flurried and worried that day, she must remember that it was the common lot of humanity, and in especial of womankind, who through the whole of their existence must expect no less, and were bound to make up their minds to meek endurance and patient resignation. Mrs. Varden entreated her to remember that one of these days she would, in all probability, have to do violence to her feelings so far as to be married; and that marriage, as she might see every day of her life, (and truly she did,) was a state requiring great fortitude and forbearance. She represented to her in lively colors, that if she (Mrs. V.) had not, in steering her course through this vale of tears, been supported by a strong principle of duty which alone upheld and prevented her from drooping, she must have been in her grave many years ago; in which case she desired to know what would have become of that errant spirit, (meaning the locksmith,) of whose eye she was the very apple, and in whose path she was, as it were, a shining light and a guiding star?

Miss Miggs also put in her word to the same effect. She said that indeed and indeed Miss Dolly might take pattern by her blessed mother, who, she always had said, and always would say, though she were to be hanged, drawn and quartered for it the next minute, was the mildest, forgivinist-spirited, longest-sufferingst female as ever she could have believed; the mere narration of whose excellencies had worked such a wholesome change in the mind of her sister-in-law, that, whereas, before, she and her husband lived like cat and dog, and were in the habit of exchanging brass candlesticks, pot-lids, flat-irons, and other such strong resentments, they were now the happiest and affectionatest couple upon earth; as could be proved on any day on application at Golden Lion Court, number twenty-sevin, second bell-handle on the right-hand post. After glancing at herself as a comparatively worthless vessel, but still as one of some desert, she besought her to bear in mind that her aforesaid dear and only mother was of a weakly constitution and excitable temperament, who had constantly to sustain afflictions in domestic life, compared with which thieves and robbers were as nothing, and yet never sunk down or gave way to despair or wrath, but, in prize-fighting phraseology, always came up to time with a cheerful countenance, and went into win as if nothing had happened. When Miggs had finished her solo, her mistress struck in again, and the two together performed a duet to the same purpose; the burden being that Mrs. Varden was persecuted perfection, and Mr. Varden, as the representative of mankind in that apartment, a creature of vicious and bru-

tal habits, utterly insensible to the blessings he enjoyed. Of so refined a character, indeed, was their talent of assault under the mask of sympathy, that when Dolly, recovering, embraced her father tenderly, as in vindication of his goodness, Mrs. Varden expressed her solemn hope that this would be a lesson to him for the remainder of his life, and that he would do some little justice to a woman's nature ever afterwards—in which aspiration Miss Miggs, by divers sniffs and coughs, more significant than the longest oration, expressed her entire concurrence.

But the great joy of Miggs's heart was, that she not only picked up a full account of what had happened, but had the exquisite delight of conveying it to Mr. Tappertit for his jealousy and torture. For that gentleman, on account of Dolly's indisposition, had been requested to take his supper in the workshop, and it was conveyed thither by Miss Miggs's own fair hands.

"Oh, Simmun!" said the young lady, "such goings on to-day! Oh, gracious me, Simmun!"

Mr. Tappertit, who was not in the best humor, and who disliked Miss Miggs more when she laid her hand on her heart and panted for breath than at any other time, as her deficiency of outline was most apparent under such circumstances, eyed her over in his loftiest style, and deigned to express no curiosity whatever.

"I never heard the like, nor nobody else," pursued Miggs. "The idea of interfering with *her*. What people can see in her to make it worth their while to do so, that's the joke—he, he, he!"

Finding there was a lady in the case, Mr. Tappertit haughtily requested his fair friend to be more explicit, and demanded to know what she meant by "her"

"Why, that Dolly," said Miggs, with an extremely sharp emphasis on the name. "But, oh upon my word and honor, young Joseph Willet is a brave one; and he do deserve her, that he do."

"Woman!" said Mr. Tappertit, jumping off the counter on which he was seated; "beware!"

"My stars, Simmun!" cried Miggs, in affected astonishment. "You frighten me to death! What's the matter?"

"There are strings," said Mr. Tappertit, flourishing his bread-and-cheese knife in the air, "in the human heart that had better not be wibrated. That 's what 's the matter."

"Oh, very well—if you're in a huff," cried Miggs, turning away.

"Huff or no huff," said Mr. Tappertit, detaining her by the wrist. "What do you mean, Jezebel? What were you going to say? Answer me!"

Notwithstanding this uncivil exhortation, Miggs gladly did as he was required; and told him how their young mistress, being alone in the meadows after dark, had been attacked by three or four tall men, who would have certainly borne her away and perhaps murdered her, but for the timely arrival of Joseph Willet, who with his own single hand put them all to flight, and rescued her; to the lasting admiration of his fellow-creatures generally, and to the eternal love and gratitude of Dolly Varden.

"Very good," said Mr. Tappertit, fetching a long breath when the tale was told, and rubbing his hair up till it stood stiff and straight on end all over his head. His days are numbered."

"Oh, Simmun!"

"I tell you," said the 'prentice, "his days are numbered. Leave me. Get along with you"

Miggs departed at his bidding, but less because of his bidding than because she desired to chuckle in secret. When she had given vent to her satisfaction, she returned to the parlor; where the locksmith, stimulated by quietness and Toby, had become talkative, and was disposed to take a cheerful review of the occurrences of the day. But Mrs. Varden, whose practical religion (as is not uncommon) was usually of the retrospective order, cut him short by declaiming on the sinfulness of such junketings, and holding that it was high time to go to bed. To bed therefore she withdrew, with an aspect as grim and gloomy as that of the Maypole's own state couch; and to bed the rest of the establishment soon after repaired.

Life in a Camp.—After having seen the provisions distributed, I set about looking out for some accommodation for my wife; for we had not as yet been accustomed to lie on the open field, as in bivouac, nor ever seen the like, and the tent was far from comfortable for a poor wearied young woman: I shall not mention delicacy, for that would be out of place—we must submit to circumstances. The names of the seventeen men were on the tent beside myself; so it may be easily guessed how crowded it must have been, had the whole been off duty, but this was seldom the case. However, as no other shelter was to be had, we took a berth under it. Eleven soldiers lay in it that night along with us, all stretched with their feet to the centre, and their heads to the curtain of the tent, every man's knapsack below his head, and his clothes and accoutrements on his body; the one-half of the blankets under and the other spread over the whole, so that we lay in one bed. Often did my poor wife look up to the thin canvass that screened her face from the night dew, and wish for the approaching morn. It was announced, at last, before daybreak, by an exclamation of 'Rouse!' which passed from tent to tent along the lines, when every man started up, folded his blanket, and strapped it on the back of his knapsack, ready for a march.

An Apology.—A well dressed young gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room, run his head against a young lady. He began to apologise. "Not a word, sir," cried she, "it is not hard enough to hurt any body." [Atlas.

From Blackwood for May.

THE TREASURE-CONVOY;

A PASSAGE IN THE EARLY CAREER OF THE IMPECINADO.

Amongst the various incidents which console the private soldier on active service for frequent bad quarters and short commons, one of the most agreeable perhaps in his eyes is, the occasional chance of a little fair plunder, when it can be obtained without too great a contravention of the rules of discipline. Thus the sack of a town may be reckoned as a set-off against a month or two of half rations and rainy bivouacs; a score of gold pieces found in the girdle of a fallen enemy, would help to efface the disagreeable recollection of a prolonged absence of the wine-flask, and consequent ingurgitation of spring-water—a beverage, by the way, to which soldiers of most nations are singularly averse; whilst a few days' free quarters in the house of some snug priest, possessed of a well-stored cellar, and a couple of good-looking handmaidens, might be considered no inadequate compensation for the weariness of forced marches, and frequently-recurring picket duty.

Perhaps few armies ever availed themselves more unsparingly of the invader's privilege of plunder and pillage, than those that Napoleon sent into Spain during the peninsular war. Not unfrequently, however, the soldiers who had enriched themselves in this manner were either slain or taken by the enemy, or else compelled to abandon their too bulky spoils, in order to lighten themselves for a rapid march, or hasty retreat. In the latter circumstances, many of the French buried their treasure at the foot of some tree, or near some huge stone, or other landmark, which might enable them to recover their prize at a future period. This was especially the case before the battle of Vittoria, so disastrous to the French arms; and many rich deposits were on that occasion confided to the fertile plains of Alava. The scampering retreat of the French towards Pampeluna and their own frontier, of course prevented the recovery of these valuables; but when the overthrow of Napoleon had restored peace to Europe, more than one sunburnt veteran recrossed the Pyrenees in the novel character of a treasure-seeker. In many instances, however, the search was fruitless: the landmarks had been removed; the plough or the mountain torrent had laid bare the golden store, which had become the prize of the passer-by. But this was not always the case; and the Basque peasants witnessed with surprise and envy the disinterment of treasures, comprising every variety of ornament and denomination of coin—from the weighty gold candlestick snatched from the altar, to the jeweled ear-rings and brooches of the Castilian ladies; from the massive *onza* to the diminutive *durito*, those charming little miniatures of Spanish kings which replace so agreeably the cumbrous silver dollar.

Whilst the French rifled indiscriminately the church and the palace, the sacristy and the boudoir, the Spaniards did not allow any opportunity of retaliation to escape. They kept a sharp look-out for the convoys of money and stores which were constantly arriving from France for the use of the armies under Napoleon's lieutenants; and woe betide the luckless escort which was encountered by a body of guerillas sufficiently numerous to attack it! Animated by the double hope of plunder and revenge, the Spaniards fought like devils, and when once all resistance was overcome, and the coveted treasure in their power, the knife or the cord speedily relieved them from the encumbrance of prisoners. At the commencement of the war, these surprises were of frequent occurrence; the overweening conceit of the French generals, and their misplaced contempt for the irregular warfare of the Spanish guerilla leaders, inducing them to send very feeble escorts, even, when the treasure to be conveyed was of immense amount. Some severe lessons, however, and the formidable increase of the bands of various daring partizans, in time compelled them to exercise greater prudence; and towards the end of the war, a brigade, or even a division, was frequently sent where, three or four years previously, a squadron or battalion would have been deemed more than sufficient. The baggage wagons and stores were protected; but for the troops the duty became most harassing and severe.

On a sunny afternoon towards the commencement of the peninsular war, a man was seated on a rock which overlooks the high-road, at a short distance from the village of Bahabon in Old Castile. The dress of this person was that of the greater part of the peasants of the northern moiety of Spain at the period referred to. A broad-leafed felt hat overshadowed a set of features, which, although large and somewhat coarse, were not wanting in regularity, and the expression of which was one of vast energy and audacity. A thick black mustache covered the mouth, and joined a pair of bushy whiskers, and a well-grown beard of the same jetty hue. The sheepskin jacket which hung loosely on its wearer, exaggerated his herculean proportions and tremendous breadth of shoulder, which were worthy of a giant, although the stature of this man did not exceed the middle hight. His hands were large and bony, tanned by the sun, and covered with a skin which, for hardness, might have rivaled the toughest horn. On the ground by his side lay a long single-barreled gun; whilst the leathern belt round his waist was well lined with cartridges, and moreover supported one of those large sharp-pointed knives, which are furnished with a spring to prevent their closing when used as a poniard.

The elevated crag on which this personage had established himself, commanded a view for a considerable distance along the high-road to Burgos, and itself formed part of a double range of rocks and precipices hemming in the road, which, for half a mile or more, assumed the character of a narrow defile. For upwards of three hours, the vidette had been straining his eyes in the direction of the ancient capital of Castile. From his perch, he was able to see all that passed as far as an abrupt turning of the road at nearly a league off in the direction of Burgos; but it would have required a very close observation to have discovered him, screened as he was by rugged masses of rock, whose dark tints assimilated in hue with the sombre colors of his habiliments. No one worthy of particular notice had passed during the period of his watch. Occasionally a peasant goaded along his two lazy oxen, dragging after them one of those primitive-looking carts which to this day are in general use in Spain, and whose solid wheels—circular pieces of wood, with an axle inserted in the centre—proclaimed by their loud creakings the owner's economy of grease, which he had probably preferred putting into his soup to wasting on his wagon. From time to time jogged past some village priest, his feet concealed in the huge wooden stirrups, or rather boxes, which dangled on either side of his ambling black pony. These and other uninteresting parties of peasant women and muleteers passed unnoticed by the sentry, who, as the day declined, and the sun approached the horizon, manifested various symptoms of impatience, and muttered sundry energetic imprecations, addressed apparently to the person or persons whose delay in arriving was the cause of his vexation. Suddenly, however, he started to his feet, and shading his eyes with his hand, gazed steadfastly at the turning of the road. A small party of horsemen appeared advancing at a walk, and were followed by a train of covered wagons, such as were used by the French for the transport of money and valuable stores. These vehicles were nearly thirty in number, and their rear was brought up by another cavalry picket, forming with the advanced guard about sixty troopers. When the whole had turned the angle of the road which, as before stated, was nearly a league from the defile, the Spaniard caught up his gun, and bounding from rock to rock with the agility of a chamois, soon reached a deep ravine at half musket-shot distance from his former post.

Stretched amidst the harebells and other wild-flowers, which bordered a small rivulet, were between thirty and forty men, most of whom had the appearance of peasants, although some few had a half military costume, and five or six wore clothes which betokened them to belong to a rather superior class than the majority of their companions. They were all armed, either with muskets, rifles, or *escopetas*, the long fowling piece common in Spain, and which, from the solidity of its construction, is perfectly well adapted to carry ball. Some of the members of this motely assemblage were indulging in the siesta, others puffing the eternal cigarito, and a third portion were grouped round two men who were gambling for *pesetas* with a dingy-looking pack of cards; but on the appearance of the new-comer, sleepers, smokers, and card-players crowded around him.

"*To arms, boys!*" cried he, "the prize is at hand. In half an hour the *gavachos* will enter the defile, and it is time to post ourselves for the attack."

"*Viva Martin Diez! Viva el Impecinado!*" was the reply, and seizing their arms, the party hastily followed the daring adventurer, who, then in the commencement of his career, was destined erelong to assume a high rank amongst the most intrepid defenders of his natal soil.

Meantime, the convoy advanced towards the defile at a steady pace. Their halting-place for the night was Aranda, from which town they were not more than three or four leagues off. There they would find three thousand cavalry, and other troops, under the command of Murat, and there a part of the wagons were to remain, whilst the others would be forwarded to different *corps d' armée*, further in the interior of the country. The mules which dragged the carts were mounted by some soldiers of the wagon train, and the escort, commanded by a lieutenant, was composed of a detachment of that fine body of dragoons known by the name of *gendarmerie de l' armée*. There were also several commissaries in charge of the stores, the chief of whom rode in front with the officer commanding, whilst the others were distributed along the line, in order to watch over the safety of the valuables for which they were responsible.

The head of the column had passed more than halfway through the defile, and the officers of gendarmes was calling his companion's attention to the strength of the pass, and explaining to him how admirably it might be defended by a handful of resolute men against an army.

"Neither would it be a bad place for a surprise," added he; "and I promise you I should not sit quite so easily in my saddle if I thought there were any of those canaille of guerillas in this part of the country; but, thank Heaven! the province is swept clean of them for the present, and"——

He was prevented from finishing his sentence by a ponderous fragment of rock, which, moved by some invisible power, lumbered down the acclivity that flanked the road, and falling on the unfortunate Frenchman, crushed him and his horse to the ground. At the same instant, a volley of musketry was heard, a dozen dragoons rolled in the dust; whilst the others, confused by the suddenness of the attack, stared about them, endeavoring, but in vain, to discover the enemy by which they were so unexpectedly assailed. On all sides arose steep and rugged crags, but not a human creature was to be seen. Now and then, it is true, through some narrow opening in the rocks, or from behind the bushes of wild rosemary, which grew here and there in the fissures of the precipices, a glimpse might be caught of bronzed, fierce-looking countenances, whose apparition, however, was so momentary, that they might almost have passed for phantoms conjured up by the imagination, had it not been for the deadly execution done by the muskets of these ambushed foes. Before the smoke of the first volley had cleared away, another succeeded and was followed by a scattering fire, and by a shower of

heavy stones. Scarce a shot but took effect, either on the dragoons or on their horses; for the Spaniards, although for the most part young and irregular soldiers, were veteran hunters and contrabandists, and, as such, admirable marksmen.

Owing to the windings of the defile, the rearguard, which was separated from the van by the line of wagons and their mules, was not immediately aware of what was going on in front; and when a sergeant rode forward to ascertain the meaning of the firing, he found the last of the dragoons, the commissaries, and the drivers, falling fast under the murderous fire of the guerillas, to which it was impossible to make any effectual return. The road was so narrow, that it would have been impracticable for the wagons to turn, even had there been any advantage in attempting a retreat; but being halfway through the defile, they would, either in advancing or retiring, have had equally far to go, before the cavalry could arrive at ground on which it might have been possible for them to act. Under these circumstances, the subaltern who commanded the rearguard left a fourth of his men in charge of the horses, and dismounting the remainder, led them hastily forward, carbine in hand, with the hope of being able to get at the enemy, by making his dragoons act as light infantry. But he was only hastening his doom, and that of his gallant little band, which had not proceeded fifty yards towards the head of the column, when, from a sort of mountain gorge on the right of the road, a close and destructive volley was poured in amongst them, and a score of Spaniards, headed by the Impecinado, rushed furiously on the survivors. The struggle was short, for the dragoons, entangled amongst the carts and amongst the bodies of their dead and dying companions, and moreover, being encumbered by their heavy accoutrements and long sabres, were no match for the active and lightly equipped mountaineers, whose bayonets and knives soon terminated the unequal strife.

The evening was closing in when the Impecinado and his little band began to make arragements for withdrawing with their booty from the scene of the skirmish we have described. Nearly a hundred French soldiers had fallen by the hands of thirty-five peasants, whose inferiority of numbers, arms, and discipline, had, however, been more than compensated by the advantage of their position, and the peculiar nature of the ground. The victors, after ascertaining that they had left no living enemy on the field of battle, fastened the riderless horses behind the carts; and urging on the mules with whip and voice, the convoy soon emerged from the defile, preceded by the Impecinado and half-a-dozen of his companions, mounted on the pick of the captured troopers. They kept along the *camino real* for about a mile, until they arrived at a cross road, into which they struck, and, after an hour's march, found themselves on the borders of a large and dreary moor, intersected by the continuation of the track they had been following, but which they now deserted, and, proceeding a short distance to the left, soon arried in front of a small cluster of houses. These habitations, although spacious, and, like most of the peasants' dwellings in the mountainous districts of Spain, constructed of solid blocks of stone, had an appearance of extreme poverty, which harmonized well with the wretched and half-famished looks of some women and children who were sitting and lying about the doors, and who rose in consternation at the approach of the cavalcade. Their alarm, however, was converted into rejoicings, when they saw their own countrymen instead of the dreaded and detested *Francesés*.

The party halted in front of the houses, and the Impecinado, alighting from his horse, opened one of the baggage-carts, and lifted out the first thing which came under his hand. It was a wooden box, which, although not large, was so weighty that it required a considerable exertion of strength to raise it, and with an oath he dashed it on the rocky soil. The fastenings of the chest broke with the violence of the fall, and a vast quantity of gold coin rolled in all directions. The ground was strewed with single and double louis-d'ors and napoleons, and the fortunate possessors of all this wealth lifted up their hands and eyes in astonishment at the sight of riches greater than their wildest dreams could ever have pictured to them. A general investigation ensued, and the carts were found to be in great part laden with specie intended for the use of the French armies, but which was now likely to receive a very different destination. There were also numerous trunks and packages addressed to officers of rank, and containing uniforms, epaulets, and other articles of equipment. These were passed in review by the guerillas, who appeared to experience at the sight of all this military finery the sort of half contemptuous admiration natural to men to whom luxury was unknown, and who had been accustomed to satisfy their wants by the simplest and most primitive means. An observer would have been diverted at seeing these hardy mountaineers putting on embroidered pouch-belts over their coarse brown jackets, and momentarily replacing their greasy sombreros and colored woolen caps by the cocked hats and plumes which had been forwarded from Paris for the use of the French Generals and their Aides-de-Camp.

Whilst his men were thus occupied, the Impecinado consulted with two or three of those in whose judgement he had the most confidence, as to the course to be adopted to secure the booty: for the French, at the period we are speaking of, overran Castile in every direction; and as soon as the daring exploit of the guerillas became known, strong detachments would inevitably be sent in their pursuit, and measures taken to hem them in on all sides, and prevent their ultimate escape, or their junction with any large body of Spanish troops. The most feasible plan appeared to be to strike across the moor, and by means of by-roads well known to the Impecinado, to gain one of the sierras, or mountain ridges, which abound in Old Castile. There they would find caves and hiding-places in which the treasure could be placed, until an increase of force might enable their Chief to brave the French more openly than he could pretend to do with the handfull of men he now commanded.

The horses and mules, however, had been marching since morning, and appeared too much fatigued for it to be prudent to commence the projected march immediately. After traversing the moor, the roads were bad, especially for the carts, and it would have been highly imprudent to risk an accident in those narrow and difficult mountain passes, where the falling of a mule, or the overturning of one of the wagons, might compromise the safety of the whole party by the delay it would occasion. Besides this, there appeared no necessity for such immediate hurry. The nearest garrison was at three leagues' distance from the scene of the skirmish, and it was highly improbable that news of the surprise of the convoy would reach it before the next morning; so that it would be mid-day before the French troops could discover the track of the guerillas. Under these circumstances, it was resolved to remain where they were a part of the night, and to resume their march at two or three in the morning. Orders were given to unharness, and the mules and horses were placed in the stables and out-houses of the hamlet, and amply provided with straw and barley. The Impecinado superintended these arrangements, caused the broken money-chest to be fastened up again, and placed in the cart, and had a guard mounted over the wagons to protect them from pillage. He deemed it unnecessary to post advanced sentries, considering it impossible that any pursuit should be directed against him before the following day.

He would, perhaps, have felt less confident of his safety, had he been aware of a circumstance which had escaped his notice, and that of every individual of his band.

At the commencement of the attack on the convoy, the horse mounted by the French Commissary had been startled by the fall of the mass of rock which crushed the officer of gendarmes, and being a somewhat spirited animal, commenced a series of capers productive of excessive discomfort to his rider, a little fat man, possessed of a most rotund and commissary-like paunch, and a pair of short, bulbous-looking legs, which experienced no small difficulty in adhering to the sides of the restiff Bucephalus. The curvets and prancing of the horse probably saved the life of the horseman, by causing him to present an unsteady mark to the well-aimed bullets of the guerillas. At length, divided between the fear of being shot and that of being thrown, the unfortunate little gentleman gave up the contest with his steed, who took the bit between his teeth and set off at full speed, which he did not slacken until he had accomplished nearly half the distanee from the defile to Aranda. The remainder of the journey his rider prevailed on him to perform at a more deliberate pace; and, on his arrival, hastened to report to the General commanding, the attack of the convoy, and the perils to which he had been exposed. His fears and his imagination, however, caused him to convert the little band of guerillas, whom he had not even seen, into a formidable and numerous body of Spanish troops; and the French General, although he had no previous intimation of the possible vicinity of such an army, deemed it only prudent to proceed himself with a large force to reconnoitre the enemy, and, if possible, to recapture the large sum of which there could be no doubt that the latter had obtained possession. He set out, therefore, with half-a-dozen squadrons of light cavalry, leaving the infantry to follow, and taking with him, as a guide, the unfortunate Commissary, in spite of the extraordinary repugnance manifested by that gentleman for the pleasures of a night march.

The Impecinado, having completed all his arrangements, entered one of the houses, and threw himself on a bed, in an upper room, in order to take a little repose before starting on his early march. He was soon buried in a deep sleep, from which he was awakened an hour or two later by the report of fire-arms outside the house. Springing from the coarse mattress, stuffed with dried maize leaves, which forms the bed of most Spanish peasants, he rushed to the window, and looking out, beheld a sight calculated to unnerve and reduce to despair any man of less courage than Juan Martin Diez. Two squadrons of French hussars were hastily surrounding the houses, whilst, from the direction of the lane which led from the moor to the high-road, and which the Impecinado and his band had followed after the capture of the convoy, a long line of cavalry were advancing at a hand-gallop, and as they arrived were drawn up by their officers at about a hundred yards in front of the hamlet. The wagons were already in possession of the French, who had set down the men appointed to guard them. Not anticipating any greater danger than some petty attempt at pilfering by the inhabitants of the houses, they had kept too negligent a watch, and had barely had time to fire the shots which warned the Impecinado of his danger, before they were sabred by the hostile cavalry.

In front of the compact column of troops which was rapidly forming, and mounted on a richly caparisoned charger, appeared the French General, surrounded by his staff. He was a young man, whose dark countenance, if not regularly handsome, had a frank and pleasing expression, and whose well-turned limbs and soldierly bearing, showed off to advantage a splendid hussar's uniform covered with lace and embroidery. A profusion of long, curling hair escaped from under his shako; a curved Damascus scimitar, with a jeweled hilt, hung by his side; and in his hand he carried a small gold-mounted riding-whip, with which he impatiently tapped his morocco boot, while giving some directions to one of his Aids-de-Camp. In this elegant *militaire*, the Impecinado, who had once before had an opportunity of seeing him, immediately recognized Murat, the hussar *par excellence*, the greatest dandy and most dashing cavalry-officer of Bonaparte's armies.

It required but a single glance of the guerilla's quick eye to take in all these details. The moon, which was nearly at the full, threw a strong light over the moor, and over the military army just described. By the order of Murat, a party of cavalry dismounted, and commenced the search of the houses. Already the Impecinado heard their footsteps on the stair-case leading to his room. It was no time for hesitation or wavering; he opened the window, and stepped out upon the rudely-constructed balcony, which was thrown into deep shade by the wall of the house and the projecting roof above. Underneath the window, several hussars were walking their horses up and down to prevent the escape of the enemy, whom their comrades had gone in quest of. The balcony was about twenty feet from the ground. The Impecinado suspended himself for an instant by his hands to the wooden balustrade, and then letting go his hold, dropped on his feet on the near side of one of the sentries. Before the astonished soldier had time to turn his head, he was thrown under his horse's belly, and the Impecinado, bounding lightly into the saddle, dashed past the French General and his Staff, and galloped at full speed across the moor, in the direction of the road leading to the mountains.

The action had been so sudden that the Spaniard got a tolerable start before any one thought of following him. Soon, however, a score of dragoons spurred their horses in pursuit; and then commenced the most animating and exciting of all chases, a man-hunt. In the broad light of the moon, every movement of the fugitive and of his pursuers was visible to the French troops. In front rode the Impecinado, bareheaded, his long black elf-locks floating in the breeze, urging on his horse by an unsparing application of the thong fastened to the end of his bridle. At various distances behind him were his pursuers, two only of whom seemed to have a good chance of overtaking him. Arrived about midway across the plain, one of the latter found himself within ten yards of the guerilla, and drawing a pistol from his belt, he took aim and fired. He would have done better to have saved his cartridge, for the ball whistled harmlesaly over the head of the Impecinado, merely serving to remind him that he also would probably find a pistol in the holsters of the horse he bestrode. He was right in his conjecture. Rising in his stirrups, he turned his body half round in the saddle. His enemy was only a couple of horses' length from him. A report was heard, and the hussar fell from his charger; the well-trained animal immediately halting by the side of his wounded master.

The Impecinado now redoubled his efforts to escape. As good luck would have it, the horse of which he had possessed himself in so daring a manner, was one of the fleetest of the squadron to which it belonged. The guerilla was thus enabled to keep far ahead of his pursuers, with the exception of one, a non-commissioned officer, who had taken advantage of the momentary slackening of speed when the Impecinado fired his pistol, to diminish the distance between himself and the fugitive. The moor, however, was now crossed, and Martin Diez entered a narrow road, his horse's shoes striking fire as he rattled over the loose flints which paved the ground. The path was overhung by the twisted limbs of wild apple and plum trees, and he had to bow his head on his charger's neck to avoid receiving severe blows from the projecting branches. He had hoped that when he left the open ground the pursuit would cease, but in this he was mistaken. He still heard behind him the clatter of hoofs, and the hard breathing of a horse, which every moment was brought nearer and nearer. He now saw that it would be impossible to escape without a struggle with his relentless pursuer, and he immediately devised a plan for neutralizing the superiority which the weapons of a dragoon would give him over an unarmed antagonist. Arrived at a sharp turn in the road, he had no sooner passed it than he faced his horse about, and the Frenchman coming up at the same instant, fell as it were into his adversary's arms, without being able to make use of the sabre which he brandished in his hand. The dragoon was a powerful man, full six feet high, one of those red-mustached, fair-haired Alsatians who abound in the ranks of the French army, and make such excellent soldiers, uniting the phlegm and steady coolness of the German with the headlong courage of their more vivacious countrymen. He grappled resolutely with his foe! but his strength, had it been twice as great, was useless, when opposed to the iron muscles and vise-like grasp of the Spaniard. They both rolled from their horses to the ground, and, in falling, the Impecinado caught his opponent's cheek in his teeth, and pinned him with the gripe of a bull-dog. Then, when his foe was writhing with the acuteness of the pain, and vainly endeavoring to extricate himself, and to pick up the sword which had escaped from his hand in the struggle, he suddenly let go his hold, and raising his foot, gave one stamp on the prostrate body of the unhappy Frenchman. The horn of a Murican bull would hardly have caused a more ghastly and fatal wound. The bowels of the poor wretch burst from his side, his eyes rolled till their whites only were visible, and, as with a convulsive movement he turned round upon his face, a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and mingled with the waters of a streamlet which rippled by the spot where this frightful contest had taken place.

Three minutes later, a party of hussars pulled up their panting animals by the side of their expiring comrade. The death-rattle was in his throat, and in the distance might be heard the sounds of a horse's feet cantering toward the mountains.

The French troops returned to Aranda, whilst the Impecinado, nowise daunted by the disastrous issue of his first enterprise, soon reappeared in the field at the head of a more numerous band, and by many a successful foray and gallant deed revenged the deaths of his first adherents slain by the French, in retaliation for the massacre of the escort.

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1841.

A National Bank—Regulation of Foreign Exchanges.—A prominent and successful merchant of our city, for more than twenty years honorably connected with the Foreign Commerce of New-York, has drawn up the plan of a National Bank, such as he deems best calculated to subserve the interests and promote the welfare of the American People. This plan appears in the forthcoming number of the Merchants' Magazine, and having been favored with a proof-sheet, we are enabled to give a summary of its provisions. They are as follows:

1. A capital of $30,000,000 in transferable stock, and $20,000,000 of Government five per cent. stock, to which may be added an equal amount of trust funds or permanent deposites, invested by the guardians of orphans, &c., for which deposite stock is issued, not transferable, but payable on the coming of age of the rightful owner. (The accumulation of this deposite stock would be the work of years.)

2. The President, Directors (except Government) and all officers of the Bank to be paid a fair compensation for their services, but to be utterly prohibited from buying or selling stock while in office, or becoming in any way indebted to the Bank, either as principals, endorsers or otherwise. The President must own not less than $20,000 of stock, the Directors each $10,000, the Cashier $5,000. Do. of branches—President $10,080, Directors $5,000, Cashier $2,000.

3. The holders of transferable stock to elect eleven Directors of the Bank, and three for each of its Branches. Congress may appoint four Directors for the Bank and one for each Branch, or may direct that the several Collectors and Marshalls shall be Directors *ex officio*. Each State where the Bank or Branch is located, shall be entitled to elect one Director to represent the interests of the Deposite Stockholders. The Directors to choose a President for the Bank and for each of the Branches.

4. The Bank shall be located in New-York, or wherever else the Government may direct; a Branch in each State which shall require it, and none others. Not more than two Branches in any one State.

5. The President of the Bank and of each Branch shall, every quarter, lay before the Secretary of the Treasury a full, true and particular statement of the condition and business of such Bank or Branch, with such remarks as shall exhibit clearly its true position. All the items of profit and loss shall specially be stated. On the first Monday of each month, the Bank shall publish the amount of its Specie on hand, and Notes in circulation.

6. The Government shall deposite its funds with the Bank; and the Bank shall disburse them whenever required, at home or abroad, without charge or expense to the Government. Congress shall have power to modify the Charter as the public good may at any time require.

7. The Bank to discount business Notes and inland Bills of Exchange as usual, but its bills of Foreign Exchange must be paid for in cash, or their payment secured by satisfactory collaterals. Where loans are made in aid of Commercial transactions, the goods shall be insured and the policy deposited with the Bank.

8. The Bank shall not be allowed to sell the Government bonds subscribed as part of the capital stock, but may pledge them at home or abroad by a unanimous vote of the Directors with the consent of the President.

9. All notes at first issued to be made payable in Specie at New-York or New-Orleans; afterwards other places may be added. The notes of the mother Bank and of every branch to be freely received by each and all of them in payments. Bullion deposited at the U. S. Mint to be immediately paid for by the Bank at its actual value.

10. The Bank shall be required to receive money in deposite and give a check at *par* on a Branch in any part of the Union which may be designated, or to place the amount to the credit of any person indicated by the depositor at any other Branch designated. By this means an almost perfect equalization of the Currency will be effected and maintained.

11. The Bank to issue no bill below $10; the Branches $5

12. The Bank shall not divide above six per cent. per annum on its capital; all over to be held as a surplus till it amounts to $20,000,000, when the rate of interest charged shall be reduced to five per cent.; any further surplus shall be paid into the Treasury.

13. The Government, on the strength of its subscription of $20,000,000 (in stock, not paid in) shall guarantee the bills, bonds, or letters of credit of the Bank negotiated abroad, which must not exceed in all $20,000,000.

14. Congress shall appoint Commissioners to investigate and carefully supervise the concerns of the Bank.

15. No stock, transferable or deposite, to be owned by others than citizens of the United States.

16. No voting on proxies by officers of the Bank.

17. The paid Directors must attend every day; no business to be transacted unless a majority are present.

18. The Bank shall settle and require settlement of all balances with other banks *daily* or weekly.

19. The Bank to set apart $20,000,000 of its capital for the transaction of Foreign Exchanges.

20. No other than commercial or business paper to be discounted; and none of that having over 90 days to run. No accommodations or renewals.

21. The profits on the deposite stock, after paying the five per cent. to the holders, to be divided equally between the General Government and the holders of transferable stock. It is estimated that the Government's net profit from the Bank will be $400,000 per annum.

—Such are the principal features of the plan submitted through the forthcoming Merchant's Magazine. Some of them we heartily approve, especially the restriction of stock to American Citizens, of discounts to strictly commercial paper, well secured, on short time; the regulation of proxy voting; the payment of all officers and the interdiction of all loans to or stockjobbing by them; and the furnishing of Exchanges at par. On the other hand, we think the nominal amount of capital is too high, and would be used as a bugbear. The extent of the Government's interest in it will also give rise to objections. We would prefer, as we have already indicated, a Bank of smaller capital devoted strictly to an Exchange business. However, we heartily commend the project to public attention. It embodies many salutary provisions.

The Legislature of New-York adjourned at 2 o'clock on Wednesday of this week, after a session of one hundred and forty-two days, during which three hundred and fifty-two Acts were passed. Most of these, however, are of little general importance. The principal are the act appropriating $3,000,000 for the prosecution of the State Works of Internal Improvement; to encourage Agriculture; to amend the General Banking Law; to punish fraudulent practices in Banks; to encourage the growth of Silk; districting Cities for Elections so as to hold each in one day; amending the Revised Statutes in relation to absconding debtors; abolishing what remains of Slavery on our Statute-Books; and improving our Common School system by substituting County Superintendents for Town Inspectors of Schools, &c. These are all the bills which we have noted as of decided general importance.

The bill providing for Districting the several Towns of the State and holding each Election in one day was most deplorably defeated, in defiance of the wishes of nine-tenths of the People. Owing to the sickness of three Members of Assembly, the absence of three more, and the change of Mr. David Scott of Genesee from the Whig to the Opposition party, the latter controlled a decided majority in the House through the last five days of the Session. When the General Election bill came up, a motion was made to insert an amendment *repealing the act which establishes a Registry of Voters in this City*—and the motion was carried by a strict party vote. The Senate struck out this amendment and passed the bill in its original shape; but the Assembly insisted on its amendment, and the bill was thus defeated. In other words, the Van Buren Members said to the Whigs—"You shall consent to a repeal of the Registry Law or we will not permit the General Election Law to pass." The Whigs refused to accept the condition, and the bill was lost.

A bill authorizing the construction of the Northern Railroad by the State whenever the best route shall be fully settled, the whole work put under contract for less than the estimate, ($1,500,000) and the money can be borrowed on five per cent. Stock at par, (appropriating $50,000 for a beginning) passed the Assembly on Tuesday but was defeated in the Senate by the following vote:

AYES—Messrs. Dickinson, Furman, Hopkins, Hull, Humphrey, Hunt, Lee, Taylor, Works—9.

NAYS—Messrs. *Dennistun, Ely, Foster, Hunter, Johnson*, H. A. Livingston, Moseley, Nicholas, *Paige*, Scott, Skinner, Verplanck—12. (Opposition Senators in *Italics*.)

The Croton Water Loan bill for this city was so amended by the casual majority in the Assembly as to give the entire control of the work south of Murray's Hill to the City Corporation, and so passed—the Senate having the option of taking it in that shape or losing the bill.

On the whole, the Session for one so long has been rather an unprofitable one. We believe it has done little positive mischief.

Postscript.—A timber ship at Quebec reports (we hear) that *she saw the* STEAMSHIP PRESIDENT *going into harbor in the Azores.* We shall wait with painful anxiety the confirmation of this report.

A Public Dinner to Hon. N. P. Tallmadge was given on Wednesday by the Whigs and Conservatives of this City, and very numerously attended. Mr. Tallmadge, on being toasted, addressed the company for more than an hour upon National politics, avowing himself ardently in favor of the Repeal of the Sub-Treasury; the Distribution of the Proceeds of Public Lands, coupled with a permanent Preëmption Law; a Tax on Luxuries to pay off the Treasury Notes and other Government indebtedness; a National Bank; a General Bankrupt Law; and the Rescinding of the Expunging Resolution. On the subject of a National Bank he was especially earnest and explicit, avowing it as his belief that, in the existing circumstances of the Country, nothing else than this would suffice to restore a sound and uniform Currency.—The sentiments, letters, &c. were very pertinent; but we have no room for more.

☞ *The Trial of J. B. Glentworth* for alleged 'pipe-laying' and introducing illegal voters in the Elections of Nov. 1838, and April, 1839, is proceeding in our Court of Sessions as we go to press. Jonathan D. Stevenson was examined on Wednesday, and swore to substantially the same story as he told in his widely circulated affidavits last fall. The prosecution is conducted by James R. Whiting, District Attorney; the defence by David Graham, Esq.

MARYLAND.—Isaac D. Jones is elected to Congress from the 1st District by *seven* majority over J. S. Cottman, both Whigs. The complete returns are as follows:

Counties.	Isaac D. Jones, *W.*	J. S. Cottman, *W.*
Dorchester	398	727
Somerset	844	694
Worcester	668	482
Total	1910	1903

In the IId District; James A. Pearce, Whig, has about all the votes. He was run out two years ago by near 200.

In the IIId the vote, nearly full, is as follows:

Counties.	James W. Williams, *Op.*	Cromwell Orrick, *Op.*
Baltimore County	1202	539
Harford	935	436
Carroll	418	175
Total	2555: [1405 maj.]	1150

IV. Counties.	Kennedy,	Randall, *W.*	Gallagher, *Op.*	Murray, *Op.*
Baltimore City	6,413	6,443	6,466	6,465
Annapolis City	189	193	114	118
Anne Arundel County	1,131	1,147	1,074	1,074
Total	7,733	7,783	7,654	7,657

Kennedy over Murray, 76; Randall over Gall. 129: av. 102½.

V. Counties.	Wm. Cost Johnson, *W.*	A. Kimmel, *W.*
Part of Frederick Co.	1244	762
Carroll	722	360
Montgomery	661	73
Total	2627	1195

Johnson's majority ..... 1432.

VI. Counties.	Edward A. Lynch, *W.*	John T. Mason, *Op.*
Allegany	893	838
Washington	2034	2107
Part of Frederick	800	1185
Total	3727	4130

Mason's majority ..... 403.

VII. Augustus R. Sellers, Whig, largely beats Somerville, Op.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Gen. Edmund Deberry is reëlected from the VIIth (Fayetteville) District, as we presumed he would be, by a largely increased majority. What the report of *Bethune's* running ahead may have meant, we do not comprehend. Mr. Bethune once ran out Gen. Deberry, and then was run out by him, but was not a candidate at the late election.

II. John R. J. Daniel, Opp. has 58 majority over William W. Cherry, Whig.

IV. The election of Wm. H. Washington, Whig, in place of Hon. Charles Shepard, (Calhoun Sub-Treasury) is assured.

VIII. The full vote is for R. M. Saunders, Opp. 2576; Jas. S. Smith, 2090.

X. Hon. Abram Rencher beats Werth, also Whig.

XI. Gen. W. Caldwell, Opp. is presumed to be chosen.

XII. Hon. James Graham is probably reelected over Thos. L. Clingman—both Whigs.

XIII. Hon. Lewis Williams beats Murchison, V. B.

APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.

SAMUEL GOODIS, to be Postmaster at Portsmouth, N. H

TENNESSEE.—Thomas J. Campbell, Whig, has been elected to Congress from the IVth District, over Julius W. Blackwell, late V. B. Member, by over 100 majority, though Gen. Stone, also Whig, received nearly 200 votes. In the IId District, Abram M'Clellan, Opp. is reëlected over Wm. T. Senter, Whig, by near 400 votes. There were no other doubtful contests. H. M. Waterson, V. B. is reëlected in Mr. Polk's old District by about 500, and Hon. Chr. H. Williams in the Memphis District by over 1,000.

INDIANA.—The official vote of the IVth District gives the following aggregates:

For James H. Cravens, Whig	6,856
" Thomas Smith, late V. B. Member	5,026
Majority for Cravens, W	1,030

☞ Hon. ANDREW STEWART, formerly M. C. from the Fayette and Greene District, Pa., is again a candidate for the vacancy, in place of Hon. Enos Hook, resigned.

☞ ALFRED RICH has been nominated for Delegate to Congress by the Whigs of Iowa Territory.

☞ The official vote at the Ontario Special Election of Member of Congress is as follows: John Greig, *W.* 3257; Bowen Whiting, *Opp.* 2643; Hiram Pitts, *Abolition*, 204. There were two scattering and one rejected. Greig's majority over the whole is thus 407; over Whiting 614

☞ WILLIAM CULLEY, late Editor of the Ulster Sentinel, an efficient Conservative Journal, has been appointed Postmaster at Kingston, N. Y.

☞ The President of the United States has recognized BENJAMIN HOMER DIXON, Esq. as Vice Consul of the Netherlands at Boston for the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine and New-Hampshire.

☞ Gov. Porter of Pennsylvania has ordered a special election for Member of Congress in the Somerset District to supply the place vacated by the death of Hon. Charles Ogle.

☞ The Circular of the Managers of the American Institute announcing their Annual Fair will be found on our first page. It will naturally attract the favorable regard of Mechanics, Manufacturers, Artizans and Agriculturalists throughout the country.

☞ The great Southern Mail from Montgomery, Ala., to Mobile, was lost in crossing Catoma Creek, four miles below Montgomery. The stage-driver attempted to ford the stream, but soon found himself in swimming water, from which he with difficulty extricated his team. A passenger named George A. Logan was washed away and drowned. All the Mails went down stream, and had not been recovered the next morning.

☞ The Bank of Michigan has fallen into discredit at home. Her notes are refused by the State Government, whether for Taxes or Railroad Tolls, and are only taken by merchants in Detroit at 25 to 37 per cent. discount.

☞ All female convicts in this State are henceforth to be confined in the Female Prison at Sing Sing.

☞ William S. Hatch and Eber W. Hubbard, Bank Commissioners of Ohio, have resigned, alleging that they can do no good because the Courts do not grant them writs of *mandamus* against delinquent or suspected Banks.

☞ Edward C. Delavan writes from Havana to the Albany Evening Journal that the climate of Cuba is much finer and more favorable to diseased lungs than that of any part of Italy.

Correspondence of the Editor.

WASHINGTON, May 24, 1841.

The letter from this City in *Bennett's Herald* of the 22d, in relation to an alleged intrigue of the Conservatives against Mr. Webster, is utterly untrue. Mr. Webster, Mr. Rives, and the Conservatives generally, are on terms of cordial and harmonious friendship. Mr. Webster regards Mr. Rives as one of the safest, soundest, and one of the most high-minded and honorable gentlemen in the Southern Country. The Cabinet is a 'unit,' and nothing can induce Mr. Webster to leave a position where his services are so much needed, and which he adorns by his character and talents. It is Mr. Tyler's opinion that Mr. Webster's conduct as a member of his Cabinet has been indicative of nothing but a desire to promote the public good. If Mr. Webster should, by any possibility, leave the Cabinet, he would *not* go to England.

THE XXVIIth CONGRESS.

The Extra Session of the Twenty-Seventh Congress commences on Monday next; we have, therefore, prepared the following tables for our readers. They show the names of the Members of the two Houses, arranged by States, together with their politieal predilections. The names of the Administration Members are in Roman letters, those of the Opposition in *Italics*. A part of those who were not Members of the Twenty-Sixth Congress are designated by an *, the other new Members are denoted by a †, which signifies also that the person so marked succeeds a Member of opposite politics, and is therefore a gain to the party with which he ranks.

We advise our readers to lay these tables aside, as we believe they are free from all errors, except such as are merely typographical. A list of the Members has been put afloat, and appears destined to go the rounds of the papers, which contains numerous mistakes, some of which are material.

SENATE.

The Senate when full is composed of 52 members. There is now one vacancy in the delegation from Tennessee, besides which the other member holds under Gov. Polk's appointment, which ceases upon the election of a successor by the Legislature. That appointment was to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Felix Grundy, but the Governor has no power to supply a colleague, as his authority is limited by the laws of the State to cases of vacancy during the term of a member, while in the present instance the Legislature have neglected to elect a member in the place of Mr. Anderson, whose time of service expired with the last Congress. The Tennessee Legislature is elected in August, and convenes in the Fall, when the two members will be elected; as it is, one seat will remain unoccupied throughout the Special Session. The following are the members of the Senate with the expiration of their respective terms of service:

States.	*Members.*	*Term Expires.*	*Members.*	*Term Ex*
MAINE	*Rensl Williams*	1843	*George Evans	1847
NEW HAMPSHIRE	*Franklin Pierce*	1843	**Levi Woodbury*	1847
VERMONT	Samuel Prentiss	1843	Samuel S Phelps	1845
MASSACHUSETTS	Rufus Choate	1845	Isaac C. Bates	1847
RHODE ISLAND	Nathan F. Dixon	1845	**James F. Simmons*	1847
CONNECTICUT	*Perry Smith*	1843	J. W. Huntington	1845
NEW-YORK	*Silas Wright, jr*	1843	N. P. Tallmadge	1845
NEW JERSEY	Saml L. Southard	1845	†Jacob W. Miller	1847
PENNSYLVANIA	*James Buchanan*	1843	*Daniel Sturgeon*	1845
DELAWARE	Richard H. Bayard	1845	Thomas Clayton	1847
MARYLAND	John L. Kerr	1843	Wm. D. Merrick	1845
VIRGINIA	Wm. C. Rives	1845	†William S. Archer	1847
NORTH CAROLINA	Wm. A. Graham	1843	Willie P. Mangum	1847
SOUTH CAROLINA	Wm. C. Preston	1843	*John C. Calhoun*	1847
GEORGIA	*Alfred Cuthbert*	1843	†John M. Berrien	1847
ALABAMA	*Clement C. Clay*	1843	*William R. King*	1847
MISSISSIPPI	John Henderson	1845	*Robert J. Walker*	1847
LOUISIANA	*Alexander Mouton*	1843	†Alexander Barrow	1847
TENNESSEE	*A. O. P. Nicholson*	1845	[Vacancy.]	1847
KENTUCKY	Henry Clay	1843	Jas T. Morehead	1847
OHIO	*William Allen*	1843	*Benj. Tappan*	1845
INDIANA	Oliver H. Smith	1843	Albert S. White	1845
ILLINOIS	*Richard M. Young*	1843	**Samuel McRoberts*	1847
MISSOURI	*Lewis F. Linn*	1843	*Thomas H. Benton*	1845
ARKANSAS	*Ambrose H. Sevier*	1845	*William S. Fulton*	1847
MICHIGAN	Augustus S. Porter	1845	†Wm. Woodbridge	1847

[Total 29 Administration—22 Opposition—1 Vacancy;—at the close of the last Congress, the Senate stood 24 Whigs, to 28 Van Buren.]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The House consists of 242 members, all of whom will take their seats at the Special Session, except the delegations from Illinois and Mississippi, consisting together of five members, which are not yet elected. They will probably send 3 Adm. to 2 Opp.

There are three contested elections: Noyes, Adm., vs. Lowell, Opp., from Maine; Smith, Opp., vs. Banks, Opp., from Virginia; Duncan, Opp., vs. Pendleton, Adm., from Ohio.

We have inserted the Opp. ticket as elected in Alabama, where the election was on the 20th, although we have no returns from the State, and the members cannot possibly reach Washington in season to vote for Speaker; including them the members of the House are as follows:

MAINE.

Districts.	Members.	Districts.	Members.
I.	*Nathan Clifford,*	V.	**Nath'l. S. Littlefield*
II.	†Wm. P. Fessenden,	VI.	**Alfred Marshall,*
III.	Benjamin Randall,	VII.	*Joshua A. Lowell,*
IV.	*David Bronson,	VIII.	†Elisha H. Allen,

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Chas. G. Atherton,	**John. R. Reding,*
Edmund Burke,	*Tristam Shaw.*
Ira A. Eastman,	[Chosen by General Ticket.]

VERMONT.

I. Hiland Hall,	III. Horace Everett,
II. William Slade,	IV. †Augustus Young,
V. †John Mattocks.	

CONNECTICUT.

I. Joseph Trumbull,	IV. Thos. B. Osborne,
II. Wm. W. Boardman,	V. Truman Smith,
III. Thos. W. Williams,	VI. John H. Bruckway,

MASSACHUSETTS.

I. Robert C. Winthrop,	VII. George N. Briggs,
II. Leverett Saltonstall,	VIII. Wm. B. Calhoun,
III. Caleb Cushing,	IX. Wm. S. Hastings,
IV. *William Parmenter,*	X. †Nath'l. B. Borden,
V. *Charles Hudson,	XI. *Barker Burnell,
VI. Osmyn Baker,	XII. John Quincy Adams,

RHODE-ISLAND.

[By General Ticket.]

Joseph L. Tillinghast, | Robert B. Cranston,

NEW-YORK.

I. **Charles A. Floyd,*	XVII. *David P. Brewster,*
II. **Joseph Egbert,*	*John G. Floyd,*
III. †*James J. Roosevelt,*	XVIII. Thos. C. Chittenden,
†*Charles G. Ferris,*	XIX. **Sam'l. S. Bowne,*
†*John McKeon,*	XX. **Samuel Gordon,*
†*Fernando Wood,*	XXI. John C. Clark,
IV. **Aaron Ward,*	XXII. **Sam. S. Partridge,*
V. †*Richard D. Davis,*	**Lewis Riggs,*
VI. **James G. Clinton,*	XXIII. †Victory Birdseye,
VII. †*John Van Buren.*	†A. Lawrence Foster,
VIII. **Jacob Houck, Jr.*	XXIV. Christopher Morgan,
**Robert McClellan,*	XXV. †John Maynard,
IX. Hiram P. Hunt,	XXVI. *John Greig,
X. Daniel D. Barnard,	XXVII **William M. Oliver,*
XI. *Archibald L. Linn,	XXVIII *Timothy Childs,
XII. *Bernard Blair,	XXIX. Seth M. Gates,
XIII. †Thos. A. Tomlinson,	XXX. *John Young,
XIV. †H. Van Rensselaer,	XXXI. *Staley N Clarke,
XV. †*John Sanford,*	XXXII. Millard Fillmore,
XVI. *Andrew W. Doig,*	XXXIII *Alfred Babcock.

NEW-JERSEY.—[General Ticket.]

†John B. Aycrigg,	Joseph F. Randolph,
†William Halsted,	†Charles C. Stratton,
†J. P. B. Maxwell,	†Thomas J. Yorke,

PENNSYLVANIA.

I. **Charles Brown,*	XII. James Cooper,
II. John Sergeant,	XIII. **Amos Gustine,*
George W. Toland,	XIV. †James Irvin,
III. †*Chas. J. Ingersoll,*	XV. **Ben. A Bidlack.*
IV. *Jeremiah Brown,	XVI. **John Snyder,*
John Edwards,	XVII. **Davis Dimock, Jr.*
Francis James,	XVIII. (Vacancy—prob W.)
V. *Joseph Fornance,*	XIX. *Albert G. Marchand*
VI. †Robert Ramsey,	XX. (Vac.—prob. Opp.)
VII. **John Westbrook,*	XXI. †Joseph Lawrence,
VIII. *Peter Newhard,*	XXII. *William W. Irwin,
IX. *George M. Keim,*	XXIII. **William Jack,*
X. William Simonton,	XXIV. Thomas Henry,
XI. *James Gerry,*	XXV. **Arnold Plumer.*

DELAWARE.

†George B. Rodney.

MARYLAND.

I. *Isaac D. Jones,	†Alexander Randell,
II. †James A. Pearce.	V. Wm. C. Johnson,
III. **Jas. W. Williams,*	VI. **John T. Mason,*
IV. †John P. Kennedy,	VII. *Aug. R. Sollers,

VIRGINIA.

I. Francis Mallory,	XI. John M. Botts,
II. **George B. Cary,*	XII. *Thomas W. Gilmer,
III. *John W. Jones,*	XIII. *Linn Banks,*
IV. **Wm. O. Goode,*	XIV. *Cuthbert Powell,
V. †*Edm. W. Hubard,*	XV. †Rich'd. W. Barton,
VI. *Walter Coles,*	XVI. **Wm. A. Harris,*
VII. Wm. L. Goggin,	XVII. †Alex. H. H. Stuart,
VIII. Henry A. Wise,	XVIII. *Geo. W. Hopkins,*
IX. *R. M. T. Hunter,*	XIX. †Geo. W. Summers'
X. John Taliaferro,	XX. **Samuel L. Hays,*
XXI. *Lewis Steenrod,*	

NORTH-CAROLINA.

I. Kenneth Rayner,	VII. Edmund Deberry,
II. **J. R. J. Daniel,*	VIII. **R. M. Saunders,*
III. Edward Stanly,	IX. †Aug. H. Shepherd,
IV. †W. H. Washington,	X. †Abram Rencher,
V. *James J. McKay,*	XI. **G. C. Caldwell,*
VI. **Arch. Arrington,*	XII. James Graham,
XIII. Lewis Williams.	

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

I. *Isaac E Holmes,*	V. *James Rogers,*
II. *William Butler,	VI. *Sampson H. Butler,*
III. *Francis W. Pickens,*	VII. *Robert B. Rhett,*
IV. **Patrick C Caldwell,*	VIII. *Thos D. Sumter,*
IX. *John Campbell,*	

GEORGIA.—[By General Ticket.]

Julius C. Alford,	R. W. Habersham,
William C. Dawson,	Thomas B. King,
†Thomas F. Foster,	†Jas. A. Merriwether,
†Roger L. Gamble,	Eugenius A. Nisbet,
Lott Warren.	

ALABAMA.—(Probably.)

Reuben Chapman,	†*Wm. W. Payne,*
**George S. Houston,*	†*Benj. G. Shields,*
Dixon H. Lewis,	[Chosen by General Ticket.]

OHIO.

I. †N. G. Pendleton,	X. Samson Mason,
II. *John B. Weller,*	XI. †Benj. S. Cowan,
III. Patrick G. Goode,	XII. †Joshua Mathiot,
IV. Jeremiah Morrow,	XIII. **James Matthews,*
V. *William Doan,*	XIV. *George Sweney,*
VI. Calvary Morris,	XV. **S. J. Andrews,*
VII. *William Russell,	XVI. Joshua R. Giddings,
VIII. Joseph Ridgway,	XVII. *John Hastings,*
IX. *William Medill,*	XVIII. **Ezra Dean,*
XIX. †Samuel Stokely,	

LOUISIANA.

I. Edward D. White, | II. †*John B. Dawson*,
III. John Moore,

INDIANA.

I. George H. Proffit, | IV. †James H. Cravens,
II. †Rich. W. Thompson, | V. †*Andrew Kennedy*,
III. †Joseph L. White, | VI. †David Wallace,
VII. Henry S. Lane,

KENTUCKY.

I. *Linn Boyd*, | VII. John Pope,
II. Philip Triplett, | VIII. *James C. Sprigg*,
III. J. R. Underwood, | IX. John White,
IV. *Bryan Y. Owsley*, | X. *Thos. F. Marshall*,
V. John B. Thompson, | XI. L. W. Andrews,
VI. Willis Green, | XII. Garret Davis,
XIII. *William O. Butler*,

TENNESSEE.

I. *Thos. D. Arnold, | VII. *Robt. L. Caruthers
II. *Abraham McClellan*, | VIII. Meredith P. Gentry.
III. Joseph L. Williams, | IX. *H. M. Watterson*,
IV. †Thomas J. Campbell, | X. *Aaron V. Brown*,
V. *Hopkins L. Turney*, | XI. *Cave Johnson*,
VI. Wm. B. Campbell, | XII. *Milton Brown*,
XIII. C. H. Williams.

MISSOURI.—(By General Ticket.)

John Miller, | *John C. Edwards.*

ARKANSAS. | **MICHIGAN.**

Edward Cross. | †Jacob M. Howard.

ILLINOIS. | **MISSISSIPPI.**

3 Members—Election 2d Aug. | 2 Members—Election 1st Nov.

Total Adm. 140; Opp. 95; Vacant 7. Last Congress about 127 V. B.; 115 Whig.]

If the old members are reëlected in Illinois, and Mississippi sends Whigs, as is probable, there will be 69 Adm. and 49 Opp. new members.

New-York Legislature.

The SENATE on Wednesday evening proceeded to the consideration of Mr. Root's resolutions relative to a National Bank, &c. All of them were withdrawn except the last, which was slightly modified and read as follows:

Resolved, By the Senate and Assembly of the State of New-York, that the Senators in Congress from this State be, and they hereby are instructed, and the Representatives requested, to use their endeavor to procure the passage of a law establishing a National Bank, with sufficient capital, and so modified in its details, as to make it a safe fiscal agent and depository of the moneys of the United States, and restore to the country a sound and uniform currency.

The question was then taken and the resolution was adopted by the following vote:

AYES—Messrs. Dickinson, Furman, Hopkins, Hall, Humphrey, Hunt, H. A. Livingston, Moseley, Peck, Rhodes, Root, Sibley, Taylor, Verplanck, Works—15.

NOES—Messrs. Clark, Denniston, Ely, Foster, Hunter, Johnson, Paige, Scott, Skinner, Strong—10.

Mr. Dickinson's resolution instructing the delegation in Congress to vote for an equitable distribution of the Proceeds of the Public Lands was adopted, by the same vote.

On Thursday, the President announced Messrs. Dixon, Foster, Taylor, Strong and Mosely as a Select Committee to consider the bill concerning elections in other cities than New-York.

The bill from the Assembly relative to Common Schools was recommitted to the Committee on Literature.

A motion of Mr. Root to postpone the consideration of the Exemption bill until the first Tuesday in January next was negatived by the following vote:

AYES—Messrs. Dixon, Ely, Hull, Hunt, Lee, Moseley, Nicholas, Peck, Root, Skinner, Taylor—11.

NOES—Messrs. Clark, Dickinson, Foster, Furman, Hopkins, Humphrey, Hunter, H. A. Livingston, Paige, Rhoades, Sibley, Strong, Verplanck—13.

The ASSEMBLY on Wednesday evening concurred with the Senate in their resolution to adjourn on the 26th.

An amendment to the Constitution proposed by Mr. Loomis, with regard to issuing State Stock, &c. was rejected.

The resolutions reported by the Judiciary Committee were debated and the following amendment accepted by Mr. Simmons the mover:

"The Legislature may provide by law for terms of the Court of Chancery, to be held before the Chancellor, or any Assistant Chancellor; making the decisions at such times, subject to be reviewed by the Court of Chancery in general Terms before the Chancellor and Assistant Chancellors, or a majority of them."

The report was then adopted and the resolutions ordered engrossed for a third reading.

The *Thomsonian bill* was then reported and the question of agreeing with it laid on the table.

Sundry minor bills were then read a third time and the House adjourned.

In SENATE on Friday after hearing sundry petitions, the Report of the Committee authorizing the Albany and West Stockbridge Railroad Company to increase their capital stock was ordered to a third reading.

Mr. Root reported in favor of receding from such of the Senate's amendments to the Common School bill as had not been concurred in by the Assembly. After some debate the Senate receded from its vote striking out the 38th Section, by a vote of 16 to 7.

The bill for a Registry Law in Cities was then reported by Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Root offered an amendment, which was debated at some length; but before any question was taken the Senate went into Executive Session.

In ASSEMBLY on Thursday evening, $3,000 were appropriated for the improvement of the road through lands occupied by the Shinnecopue Indians in Suffolk Co., 46 to 30.

The bill providing for the northern termination of the Black River Canal then came up, and was debated at length until the House adjourned.

On Friday the bill for dividing the town of Fishkill was debated at length, and a motion for its indefinite postponement passed: Ayes 60; Noes 53. A motion to recommit had been lost by the same vote.

Mr. Jones, from the Select Committee, reported the Senate bill for the permanent establishment of the State Hospital in this City. It was laid on the table.

The Report of the Select Committee on the New-York annual tax bill was debated and the amendment of the committee agreed to: Ayes 59; Noes 45. The amendment provides that $60,000 be applied towards defraying the expenses of holding elections in said city, to wit: the election in November 1840, and the elections in November and April 1841. Several reports of Select Committees on the Banking Law, the Militia and Public Defence, the Common School bill, &c. were laid upon the table, and the House adjourned.

The Senate was engaged on private bills through the Evening Session of Friday.

In the Morning Session of Saturday, a great many bills of secondary or local interest were considered and passed to a third reading. Among these were the bills granting $5,000 respectively to the Albany and Geneva Medical Colleges. The bill respecting the Nine Months' Slavery Law was referred to a Select Committee to report complete. A bill from the Assembly, relative to attachments against the property of concealed or absconding Debtors was considered in all its stages and passed.

The bill establishing a Registration of Voters (like ours) for each City in the State was passed to a third reading.

The Senate then, by a vote of 12 to 10, took up the bill to exempt $150 worth of Household Property from Execution, and soon adjourned to dinner.

In the Assembly on Friday evening, the bill providing for the location and termination of the Black River Canal was fastened to the table by a vote of 52 to 50.

The resolutions looking to an amendment of the Constitution with regard to the Judiciary were read a third time and passed: Yeas 96, Nays 6.

The bill to encourage the Growth and Manufacture of Silk was read a third time and passed: Yeas 52, Nays 30.

Also the bills providing for the publication of law reports, and to amend the Revised Statutes in relation to concealed or non-resident Debtors.

The bill in relation to the Croton Water-Works was taken up and, on motion of Mr. Miller, so amended as to *restrict the power of the Water Commissioners to the work North of Murray's Hill.* In this shape the bill passed to a third reading.

The General Election bill next came up, and Mr. O'Sullivan moved a provision *abolishing the Registration of Voters in the City of New-York.* This motion prevailed by a strict party vote: Yeas 53, Nays 49. The bill was then ordered to a third reading.

The bill to amend the General Banking Law, after an ineffectual attempt to abolish the Albany redemption, was passed to a third reading.

The bill to place the State Hospital in this City on a more permanent footing was discussed at some length, and passed to a third reading: Yeas 43, Nays 41. Adjourned.

On Saturday, at the evening session, the Senate farther considered the bill "to amend the Revised Statutes in relation to Slavery," which was passed to a third reading.

The New-York (City) School bill was further considered in Committee and reported to the Senate.

The bill exempting Household Furniture from Execution was taken up and debated at great length. Mr. Lee having moved that the first section be stricken out and that instead of it a provision be inserted that a wife's outfit of furniture shall not be liable for her husband's debts,—Mr. Mosely expressed his concurrence in the motion to strike out, on the ground that he wished to insert a provision extending the Exemption to $250 worth, including the articles now exempted by law. This would make the exemption clear and uniform. The present law exempts some articles which many poor people do not have, and is thus far a mockery.

Mr. Sibley opposed the motion to strike out; and the question was farther debated by Messrs. Nicholas, Strong, Livingston, Hall, Root and Foster. Finally, in the midst of a long speech against the bill by Gen. Root, the Senate adjourned.

The Assembly did not sit on Saturday evening.

On Monday, the Senate laid aside other business and commenced with the third reading of bills.

The bill restricting Mechanical Labor in State Prisons was considered on its final passage, and so amended as to offer a bounty of fifteen cents a pound on all Silk Cocoons which may be sold to the State Prisons. It was now laid on the table.

An act in relation to the collection of Taxes and Assessments in this City was read a third time and passed.

The act establishing a Registration of Voters in all the Cities of the State the same as in this, was read a third time and, after some debate, passed.

The bill to amend the Revised Statutes in relation to Slavery (abolishing the Nine Months' Law, &c.,) was discussed at some length. Mr. Root moved to strike out the repeal of the Nine Months' Law, which permits Slaveholders to retain their Slaves for that time within this State: Lost, Ayes 9; Nays 11. Several attempts to adjourn, to postpone, &c., were made, but the Senate negatived them all, and finally passed the bill, as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. Dickinson, Dixon, Hopkins, Hull, Humphrey, Lee, Mosseley, Nicholas, Rhoades, Verplanck, Works—11.

Noes—Messrs. Denniston, Ely, Foster, Hunter, Johnson, Scott, Skinner, Taylor—8.

Adjourned till half-past 3 o'clock, P. M.

In the Assembly, at an early hour, Mr. A. G. Chatfield moved the appointment of a Select Committee to investigate the management of the New-York and Erie Railroad, and that said Committee be appointed *by ballot.* This motion was warmly opposed as unjust to the Committee lately in charge of that subject and disrespectful to the Speaker. Mr. Dana moved that it be laid on the table: Lost, 59 to 59. Mr. Holley moved to strike out the election by ballot; Lost, 58 to 63. Messrs. Hubbell and Simmons farther opposed the resolution as a naked attempt to send out a party committee on a random investigation to rake up political capital.

Mr. David Scott of Genesee rose in favor of the resolution, avowing that *he had renounced all connexion with the Whig party,* denouncing it as Aristocratic, &c., and assailing it particularly for the division of Genesee County. He declared off from it entirely.

Messrs. S. C. Hawley of Erie, Hotchkiss of Broome, Kelsey of Monroe, Wheaton of Albany and Worden of Ontario, opposed the resolution and replied to Mr. Scott with much severity. Messrs. L. S. Chatfield of Otsego and Hoffman of Herkimer defended him. The motion to appoint the Committee by ballot was carried by *Mr. Scott's vote*: Yeas 61; Nays 59.

Mr. French moved that the Committee be instructed to report a bill to make the New-York and Erie Railroad a State Work. Negatived: Ayes 47; Noes 75. The original resolution was then adopted: Ayes 64; Noes 58.

The House then proceeded to elect the Committee by ballot; when A. G. Chatfield (Opp.) of Steuben received 65 votes, William B. Maclay (Opp.) of New-York, 64, and George G. Graham (Whig) of Ulster, 61, and were elected. Mr. G. A. French of Chautauque had 21, and 12 were scattered; but the Whigs generally declined voting. The Assembly then adjourned.

In the SENATE, on Monday evening the bill restricting Mechanics' labor in the State Prisons was passed without dissent.

The bill exempting Household furniture then came up, and the first section was stricken out by the casting vote of the Chairman, Mr. Skinner. Mr. Moseley's substitute was then rejected after some debate. A motion was then made to postpone the consideration of that subject until the first day of the next Session of the Legislature, which was lost 10 to 13. After some farther debate on the subject, the Senate adjourned.

On Tuesday, after receiving Petitions, the Assembly's resolutions proposing amendments to the Constitution, relative to the Judiciary, were laid on the table until Wednesday.

Mr. Sibley reported in favor of the bill for the relief of honest insolvents. It was debated at some length and finally indefinitely postponed; Ayes 23, Nays Mr. Furman.

The Assembly's resolutions relative to printing the Journals of the Provincial Congress were concurred in.

The bill abolishing imprisonment for costs passed a third reading: Ayes 12, Nays 10.

The New-York School Bill was then debated at length by Senators Livingston, Dickinson, Nicholas, Foster, Furman, Denniston, Hull and Verplanck, and its farther consideration postponed until the first Tuesday in January next, by the following vote:

AYES—Messrs. C Denniston, Ely, Foster, Furman, Hull, Humphrey, Johnson, H. A. Livingston, Nicholas, Rhoades, Taylor—11.

NAYS—Messrs. Dickinson, Hopkins, Hunt, Lee, Moseley Paige, Scott, Sibley, Strong, Verplanck—10.

The concurrent resolution relative to the appointment of a Joint Committee to examine the Treasurer's accounts was adopted.

Mr. Sibley moved that the Senate consider and take the final question upon the bill for the Exemption of Household Furniture. The metion was lost: Ayes 11, Noes 13.

The Senate then voted to hold an evening Session at 7½ o'clock.

In the ASSEMBLY on Monday evening the Annual Supply Bill was taken up and passed with amendments.

The bill concerning Mechanical labor in the State Prisons was referred to a select committe to report complete.

The bill for the construction of the Attica and Batavia Railroad was ordered to a third reading: Ayes 57, Nays 51.

Mr. Hickok made a Report in favor of the *removal of the Troy Bridge*, of which twice the usual number of copies were ordered printed.

Mr. Wheaton reported complete the bill amending the act concerning costs and fees in courts of Law passed in 1840. Mr. Strong proposed an amendment reducing the rates of compensation from those contained in the report, but increasing them from those of last year's bill. It was lost; 30 to 65.

Mr. Warden offered an amendment that in every motion for a re-taxation of costs, in which the court should order a re-taxation, they shall award full costs, with a reasonable counsel fee to be paid by the Attorney procuring the bill to be originally taxed, or by the officer taxing the same, in the discretion of the court. The amendment was adopted, the report of the Committee accepted, and the bill ordered to a hird reading.

The bill relative to the compensation of the Grand and Petit Jurors of this city was ordered to a third reading.

Mr. Porter reported complete the bill authorizing all persons who can pass an examination to practise as lawyers, which was indefinitely postponed.

The Thompsonian Physicians' bill was ordered to a third reading.

The bill introduced by Mr. O'Sullivan *abolishing the punishment of death* was *lost*, as follows;

AYES—Messrs. Akin, Brownson, Burnet, Carpenter, A. G. Chatfield, L. S. Chatfield, J. B. Clark, Cock, Cole, Cooke, Cuddeback, Culver, Davis, Douglass, Elmendorf, French, Gibbs, Gillet, Grout, Halleck, Hotchkiss, R. Howe, Jones, Keeler, Knapp, Lappitt, Loomis, McMurray, Mandaville, Miller, Millham, O'Sullivan, Peck, Porter, Quackenbos, Robinson, Sanford, Scott, Sears, Shaw, Skillman, Sly, Smith, Speaker, Swackhamer, Wier—46.

NAYS—Messrs. Beckwith, Blackmar, C. Brodhead, Bryson, Burchard, Chapman, Z. Clark, Conselyea, Cornwall, Dana, Dimmick, Eldridge, Emmons, Graham, A. Hawley, S. C. Hawley, Hoffman, Holley, Holman, Houghtailing, Hunt, J. Johnson, Judson, Kelsey, Lansing, Lawrence, McAllister, McFadden, Maclay, Mead, Moffit, Munro, Nellis, Oakley, Odell, Osborn, Pierrepont, Pool, F. O. Pratt, S. Pratt, Rhoades, Simmons, Skinner, Strong, Tilley, Townsend, Van Schoonhoven, Van Vleck, Ward, Wheaton, Wheeler, Worden—53.

On Tuesday Mr. Worden reported on the petition exempting the future earnings of honest debtors from execution; his report was ordered printed and laid on the table. He also reported a bill to exempt Household furniture from execution, which was *engrossed for a third reading*.

Mr. Townsend reported a bill abolishing the law against Usury, which was ordered to a third reading.

Mr. Culver reported adverse to the prayer for aid to the Attica and Buffalo Railroad—stating that in the judgement of the Committee the Company has by mal-practice forfvited its charter.

Mr. Schoonhoven reported against the passage of the Senate bill concerning mechanical labor in the State Prisons.

The bill to CONSTRUCT A RAILROAD FROM OGDENSBURGH TO LAKE CHAMPLAIN was read a third time and *passed*.

AYES—Messrs. Adams, Beckwith, C. Brodhead, Brownson, A. G. Chatfield, J. B. Clark, Z. Clark, Cole, Cuddeback, Culver, Dana, Dimmick, Douglass, Eldridge, French, A. Hawley, S. C. Hawley, Holley, Hotchkiss, Houghtailing, C. Howe, L. Hubbell, W. S. Hubbell, Hunt, J. Johnson, Kelsey, Lansing, McAllister, McFadden, Mead, Mickels, Moffit, Peck, Pierrepont, Pool, F. O. Pratt, S. Pratt, Rhoades, Scott, Shaw, Simmons, Skillman, Skinner, Smith, Speaker, Tilley, Van Schoonhoven, Ward, Wheaton, Wheeler, Whiteside—51.

NAYS—Messrs. Akin, Bryson, Burnet, Carpenter, Chamberlain, Chapman, Cock, Conselyea, Cooke, Cornwall, Davis, Dawley, De Noyelles, Elmendorf, Gibbs, Gillett, Grout, Halleck, Hickok, Hoffman, R. Howe, S. A. Johnson, Keeler, Knapp, Lawrence, Lappitt, McMurray, Mandaville, Miller, Millham, Munro, Nellis, Odell, O'Sullivan, Porter, Robinson, Seaman, Sly, Swackhamer, Taylor, Thompson, Townsend, Weir, Worden—44.

The bill to amend the Revised Statutes in reference to Slavery (repealing the 'Nine Months' Law,' &c.) was read a third time *and passed by the following vote:*

AYES—Messrs. Adams, Beckwith, Blackmar, C. Brodhead, Brownson, Bryson, Burchard, Cole, Cooke, Culver, Dana, Dawley, Douglass, Eldridge, Elmendorf, Emmons, French, Gibbs, Grout, A. Hawley, S. C. Hawley, Holley, Hotchkiss, Houghtailing, C. Howe, Hunt, S. A. Johnson, Kelsey, Lansing, McAllister, McFadden, Mickels, Moffit, Osborn, O'Sullivan, Pearse, Peck, Pool, F. O. Pratt, Quackenboss, Rhoades, Robinson, Scott, Shaw, Simmons, Skinner, Speaker, Strong, Tilley, Townsend, Van Schoonhoven, Van Vleck, Ward, Wheaton, Wheeler, Whiteside, Worden—57.

NAYS—Messrs. Akin, Beckman, Burnet, Carpenter, Chamberlin, A. G. Chatfield, L. S. Chatfield, J. B. Clark, Z. Clark, Cock, Conselyea, Cornwall, Cuddeback, Davis, De Noyelles, Faller, Gillett, Graham, Halleck, Hickok, Hitchcock, Hoffman, Holman, R. Howe, W. S. Hubbell, J. Johnson, Jones, Keeler, Knapp, Lippitt, Lockwood, McMurray, Mandaville, Mead, Miller, Millham, Munro, Nellis, Odell, Porter, S. Pratt, Sanford, Seaman, Sears, Skillman, Sly, Taylor, Thompson, Weir—49.

The following bills were read a third time and passed:

To amend the charter of the Greenwich Savings Bank. Ayes 106, Nays 1. (Mr. O'Sullivan.)

To amend the act passed 1840, to reduce the expenses of the foreclosure of mortgages.

To provide for the further improvement of the Chenango Canal and Feeder.

Relative to Militia and Public Defence.

The bill to extend the charter of the North River Bank was lost. Ayes 81, Noes 30.

NAYS—Messrs. *Bryson*, Chamberlain, Chapman, A. G. Chatfield Cock, Cooke, Davis, Dayton, Douglass, Fuller, *Grout, Hickok*, Hoffman, R. Howe, *Jones*, Loomis, *McMurray, Maclay, Miller*, Nellis, *O'Sullivan*, Pool, *Porter*, Sears, Skinner, Sly, *Swackhamer, Townsend, Weir*, Whiteside—30.

On motion of Mr. L. S. Chatfield the Senate bill, reported complete, relative to Elections in cities other than New-York was recommitted with instructions to strike out all the sections of the bill requiring a Registration of Voters, and to include the City of New-York in its provisions. Ayes 60 Nays 54.

Mr. Hubbell obtained consent to offer a resolution suspending the rule of the House so as to send to the Senate the several bills passed by the House: Mr. Chatfield moved to except the bill to construct the Ogdensburgh and Lake Champlain Railroad. Both were laid on the tabie. Ayes 55, Nays 54.

The bill for the more permanent establishment of the State Hospital in this city was passed. Ayes 74, Nays 23. After passing several other bills to a third reading, the House adjourned.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GOVERNOR AND SENATE.

May, 18, 1841.

NEW-YORK—Timothy L. Danaher, Commissioner of Deeds, in place of Jacob Trumpburn, removed from the county.

Martin Bartholomew, Measurer of Grain, in place of Samuel Bronberg, resigned.

Cyrus Roman, Measurer of Grain, in place of Isaac M. Phyfe, resigned.

Dennis Murphy, Weigher of Merchandise, in place of Robert Miller, resigned.

RICHMOND—William Emerson of Castleton, First Judge of the County Courts, in place of Henry B. Metcalf, resigned.

WESTCHESTER—Charles Lynch of Mount Pleasant, Inspector of Beef and Pork.

ULSTER—Joseph S. Smith of Kingston, Notary Public, in place of Burhans Van Steenburgh, deceased.

HERKIMER—William R. Anthony of Little Falls, Notary Public in place of Martin Pettinger, resigned.

CHEMUNG—Elijah P. Brooks of Elmira, Examiner in Chancery.

SENECA—Alvah Gregory of Ovid, Master and Examiner in Chancery, in place of Charles Halsey.

FROM FLORIDA.—A letter dated May 18th, published in the Savannah Republican, says that the horizon has brightened somewhat within a few weeks. Two hundred and twenty Indians were shipped at Tampa for the West on the 7th. Many others are waiting and will soon be sent forward. Sarosata, some forty miles below Tampa, has been abandoned by the troops on account of its extreme unhealthiness. At Fort King and Micanopy great sickness prevails. A party of eight Indians on the 14th attacked the Settlements on Brandy Branch, about twelve miles from Fort Moniac, and killed a Mr. Daniel Greer and a Mr. William Brown.

☞ The bonds and mortgages of the following banks are to be sold by the Comptroller on the 3d of August, they having failed to redeem their bills: Bank of America, at Buffalo; United States Bank, do; Mechanics' Bank, do; Erie County Bank, do; Phenix Bank, do; Staten Island Bank; Cattaraugus County Bank; James Bank, Jamesville; Binghampton Bank; Bank of Lodi, and Bank of Olean.

☞ They are having a smart political struggle in Texas. Gen. Sam. Houston is supported by the 'hard citizens' for President; Vice President David G. Burnett by those who love Quiet, Order and Liberty, and are thence dubbed 'the Aristocracy.'

FROM FLORIDA.—A letter dated the 15th inst. has been received by the Savannah Georgian, from Florida. It states that on the 26th ult., about 26 miles from Tampa Bay, the mail rider and horse were killed. A friendly Indian gave the news at Tampa soon after the deed was done. The Commanding General ordered out a command of dragoons, under Captain B. Beall, 2d Dragoons, who, as soon as possible, proceeded to the place of the murder, buried the express rider, and pursued on the track made by the murderers. After several hours pursuit, he came upon a camp regularly fixed and comfortably situated, occupied by one Indian, who was leisurely opening the mail and burning the letters. Capt. Beall shot him in his occupation, but saved but one entire letter of the mail. This Indian proved to be Maxy Hajo, of *famous memory in these parts*. Capt. Beall has been complimented in orders for his long and arduous pursuit after this savage murderer, and for bringing him to condign punishment.

FROM FLORIDA.—We learn from a passenger in the steamer General Clinch, Capt. Barden, arrived yesterday from Pilatka, that information had been received at Jacksonville, stating that two men were killed about a week ago, near the Okefenoke Swamp, by a party of Indians. Capt. May, with a detachment of Dragoons, stationed in the vicinity, immediately went in pursuit. There was also a rumor at Jacksonville, that a female and child had been killed near Trader's Hill, in Camden County.—[Savannah Georgian, May 20.

FROM NEW GRENADA.—Letters from New Grenada to the 5th of March say that Gen. Obando has taken Popayan and will, probably, raise the province of Canca in his favor, and march on to Bogota. Col. Gonzalez was defeated in Socorro, and his men have formed Guerillas in the mountains, which annoy the Government troops exceedingly. Congress had not yet been able to form a quorum. President Marquez goes out of office on the 1st of April, and if a quorum was not formed before that time the Republic would be without a President. The whole country is in extreme confusion.

FROM TEXAS.—Dates have been received at New-Orleans to the 10th inst. The news is not important. Galveston was visited on the 9th by a violent storm. It is thought that President Lamar will call an Extra Session of Congress to take into consideration the financial condition of the Republic. The British barque Sarah, with 700 bales of cotton, bilged and sunk on the 4th, one day out from Galveston.

American Fishermen Seized by the British.—The fishing schooner Director, Capt. Dennin, of Rockport, Mass., was seized on the 18th of September last, while fishing in the Bay of Chaleur, off Cape Breton, and has lately been condemned. Seven other Captains testified that the Director was more than three miles from land when taken; but the Court decided that she must be three miles outside of *a line drawn from headland to headland*. This seems to us clearly wrong. Of course, our Government will look into the matter without delay.

The schooner Pallas, Capt. Haskell, was seized on the 4th of August last on a similar charge, roughly treated, and carried into Sydney, but finally liberated.

SHIPS LOST AT SEA.—The undermentioned ships have been lost at sea, and never since been heard of: Dominica schooner, on passage to the West Indies, 1816. Arab, coast of Ireland, 1823. Delight, off the Mauritius, 1824. Algerine, in the Mediterranean, 1826. Hearty packet, West Indies, 1827. Redwing, coast of Africa, 1827. Acorn, coast of North America, 1828. Contest, coast of North America, 1828. Redpole packet, returning to England from the Brazils, 1828. Ariel packet, coast of North America, 1828 or 1829. Recruit packet, on passage from Halifax to England, 1832. Blenheim, 74 guns, 1801, and steamship President, on her passage from New-York to Liverpool, 1841.

THE STATE OF OHIO contains a fraction over 40,000 square miles, or 25,000,000 acres. Estimated quantity of arable land, 20,000,000; wet, broken and sterile, 5,000,000 acres. Assessed for taxation in 1841, 20,215,044 acres; probable quantity liable to taxation in 1841, 21,209,000 acres. Total number of acres in cultivation, including meadow and pasture land, 7,500,000.

The Season.—We do not recollect to have seen vegetation so backward since the spring of 1816. On the 20th of May of that year, snow fell in Chenango County in this State to the depth of eight inches, and sharp frosts were experienced every month in the year. Corn was carried in wagons from Chautauque County, 250 miles, to Oneida and Madison Counties, and thousands of families were compelled to do without bread for five months in the Eastern portion of this State. The cold seasons of '16 and '17 gave the first strong impulse to emigration to Western New-York, Pennsylvania, and "'way to the Western Reserve," in Ohio. Well, here we are on the far-famed shores of Lake Erie, on the 21st day of May, *Anno Domini* 1841, and not a leaf to be seen larger than a mouse's ear. [Buff. Com. Adv., Eve. of 21st.

NEW-YORK.

NEW AGENTS.

F. W. Prescott & Co. are authorized to act as Agents for The New-Yorker at St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. James Anderson is our authorized Agent at Canandaigua, N. Y. in place of W. M. Gibbs, resigned.

Mr. L. Moore, 99 Main-street, is Agent for The New-Yorker at Rochester, in place of W. H. Enos, resigned.

*** In reply to our correspondent who enquires why Rauch's Psychology should be used as a text-book in the University of Vermont if it be so faulty as our notice of last week would imply, we would state that it is not used there, the instructions in Mental and Moral Philosophy are given as heretofore wholly in lectures by the Professor, Rev. Dr. Marsh.

A Grammar of the English Language, In a series of Letters addressed to every American Youth. By Hugh A. Pue.

We can find nothing in this work to recommend it to the attention of any one. It is a mere aggregation of the commonly received rules and definitions in Grammar with occasional variations and substitutions in which nothing is amended and much made worse. There is throughout a great attempt at originality, much boisterous condemnation of all Grammars heretofore known and no little self-complacent vaunting by the author of the infinite superiority of his own. What is new in it is uniformly stupid: and what is taken from others is so badly arranged and so completely buried under worthless trash as to be entirely useless. It was once the prevalent opinion that none but men of accurate and extensive learning, clear headed thoughtfulness and sound, discriminating judgement should attempt to instruct others in the grammar of their language—much less introduce changes and professed improvements into its structure. But of late years if any luckless individual who cannot write well enough to catch the public attention in any ordinary way is afflicted with the itch of scribbling—he forthwith betakes himself to preparing a new and most wonderful work upon English Grammar. Innumerable are the books thus thrust upon the public—and here cometh another which we would fain hope might herald the last.—We are by no means of the opinion that perfection has been reached in this, more than in any other department of learning; but we can see no possible use in blowing these bubbles of vanity into the air only to burst from their own emptiness. They serve no purpose but to disturb and defile the atmosphere and any breath which rids it of them does no mean service. A good notion of Mr. Pue's qualifications for the task he has assumed may be formed from his eulogy on English Grammar in his Introduction: he says that 'it is, in fact, the *spreading of a thought-producing-plaster of Paris upon the extensive grounds of intellect!* It is the parent of idea and great causation of reflection: the mighty instigator of insurrection in the interior! and above all the unflinching champion of internal improvement!' A large share of Mr. Pue's book is occupied by critical dissections of isolated passages from the most celebrated writers in the English Language for the purpose of showing negatively 'the incalculable advantage' as he says 'that a knowledge of grammar is.'—At the conclusion he contends valorously that Addison's quotation from the language of the enraged lady mentioned in No. 216, of the Spectator—in which she exclaimed that 'she was the *unfortunatest* of women' is an ungrammatical expression which he says, even the *commonest* writer would scarcely fall into.' But we have neither space nor inclination to extend our remarks. The Grammar has one redeeming quality—of which it would be unfair to make no mention:—it is very small. To those who attempt to read it no higher recommendation could be given.

The Steam Engine: Its Origin and Gradual Improvement, from the time of Hero to the present day. By P. R. Hodge. New-York, D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

To every scientific Mechanician, and indeed to all who feel any interest in the subject of which it treats, this must be a very valuable and interesting work. It gives a full history of the early discovery and application of the power of steam to purposes of pumping and raising water, and as a moving agent in working mills or manufactories. This part of the work is entertaining and instructive to every person, furnishing a valuable example of the gradual progress of mechanical skill, and tracing from its first inception a discovery which is destined to exert so great an influence upon society in all its forms. The book contains numerous explanatory wood-cuts, and is accompanied by a large volume containing forty-eight plates finely engraved on stone. These plates are drawings of different engines, showing their comparative structure, &c., clearly and perspicuously. Many practical rules for the construction and calculating the power and working parts of Steam Engines are given in the book. The whole work is a valuable contribution to the cause of American Science, and deserves a wide circulation. It is published in the rich and splendid style characteristic of the Appletons.

The Nestorians, or the Lost Tribe. By Ashed Grant, M. D.—New-York, Harper & Brothers.

Those of our readers who had an opportunity of listening to the eloquent narratives and addresses of Dr. Grant while on his recent visit to this country, will hail the appearance of this work with great delight. A most interesting account of his visits to the Independent Nestorians, who, inhabiting the wild and almost inaccessible mountains of Koordistan, have been aptly termed the Waldenses of Asia, is here laid before us, and is followed by the author's opinion respecting the origin and early history of this singular people, as deduced from his researches among them. This opinion is no less than that the *Nestorians are the descendants of the Lost Tribe of Israel.* The facts and arguments by which the author supports his position, if not demonstrative, are at least such as will with difficulty be controverted. To the geographic student, the author has displayed a new field, hitherto unexplored, as he is the first stranger who has succeeded in penetrating this mountainous region, which on our last maps has been very erroneously delineated. The Christian public, and all who feel an interest in the history, the present condition and future destiny of God's once chosen people, are under no small obligation to the Dr. for this work.

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of Children: By James Stewart, M.D. New-York, Wiley & Putnam.

This work has received the decided commendation of many members of the Medical profession and has been highly praised by others who are well qualified to judge its merits. The author in the first place gives the natural history of the diseases incident to children, the symptoms of derangement of the system from its first stage to its termination in death, details the results of many *post mortem* examinations and thence deduces the rational means of cure. The book is written in a terse and not inelegant style, and will doubtless be of essential service to the medical profession as well as to the community in general.

The Triumph of Peace, and other Poems. New-York, D. Fanshaw, 148 Nassau street.

This little volume was evidently as well as avowedly the production of a young writer; and with no larger share of defects and imperfections than might very reasonably be expected, it evinces a very fair degree of merit. Many of its lines are strong and stirring, and it contains passages and thoughts of considerable eloquence. There is a want of skill in the versification, and some of the pieces are so faulty in this respect as to be unworthy of their place in the volume; but we cannot help believing the verses display talent—immature and not well controlled as yet—but which the efforts of after years may turn to good account. The leading Poem, although the most pretensious, we do not think the best: that entitled 'The Storm' is spirited and faithful, and many of the smaller ones are pleasing and beautiful.

Two Hundred Pictoral Illustrations of the Bible. Robert Sears, 122 Nassau street.

This is the second series of a work issued some time since, and is published in the same style. It contains numerous wood-cuts copied from various previous publications, commentaries on the Bible, works on Natural History, &c. designed to represent some scene or illustrate some allusion in the Holy Scriptures. They are accompanied by Explanatory Notes reprinted chiefly from a recent English work: at the head of each is the verse to be illustrated. The work contains also many cuts and sketches not intimately connected with the Holy writings.

The Universalist, and Ladies' Repository: A Literary and Religious Monthly: Rev. Henry Bacon and Miss S. C. Edgarton, Editors. Boston: Published by Abel Tompkins, 38 Cornhill. $2 per annum.

The plan of this work is so excellent that it has already commended itself to several denominations of Christians in this country, and we trust it will soon be adapted by the others. While we have so many periodicals among us devoted to the dissemination of religious intelligence and the prosecution of theological controversy, evincing often harsh judgement of conflicting views and an uncharitable temper, it is best that there should be at least one work in each which, wholly avoiding the dusty way of controversy and crimination, shall exemplify 'the fruit of the spirit,' the beauty of the Christian Faith, and the power of Divine Love. This is admirably done in the magazine before us—not by dry deductions, dogmatic rebukes, and rugged precepts, but by gentle monitions and teachings, conveyed through the winning medium of Sketches, Essays and Poems. This is excellently done in the work before us, so far as the denomination of Universalists is concerned, and to the younger members of that denomination it must be a work of great interest. It ought to be widely circulated among them, and we presume it is so. The number for June will commence a new volume.

Literary Intelligence.

AMERICAN.

D. Appleton & Co. have in press several books which will be valuable additions to their series of works already published under the title of 'The Devotional Library.' Among them is the excellent work entitled 'The Early Christian Church, or History of England in the Early British, Saxon and Norman Times,' by the Rev. Edward Charton, M. D. It will be edited by Right Rev. Bishop Ives. 'Christian Morals' by Professor Sewall of Oxford is another of the works belonging to the same series which they will speedily publish.

Carey & Hart of Philadelphia have in press and will very speedily issue Campbell's 'Life of Petrarch,' received in this country by the Caledonia. It is a work which every scholar will greet with a heart-felt welcome. The biography of the great Italian Poet could not have fallen into worthier hands, and we rejoice that it is to be so speedily before the American public. As a companion for this we hope soon to receive Richard Henry Wilde's elaborate work on the Life and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso.

'The Martyrs of Science,' by Sir David Brewster, we understand will soon be issued from the press of the Harpers. Beside his high reputation in all the walks of science, the author of this work is widely and favorably known as the biographer of Sir Isaac Newton. The present volume will contain the lives of the great astronomers Kepler, Tycho Brahe and Galileo.

The same publishers have also in press the work of James S. Buckingham, entitled 'America, Historical, Statistic and Descriptive:' it is to be embellished with several engravings on wood, and a portrait of the author on steel.—These volumes we presume will merely contain the lectures on the manners and character of this country, which the author has been delivering in London since his return to England. From the remarks of the London press upon them, we anticipate a thoroughly abusive publication, written perhaps with more dignity and ability than the previous works of Trollope, Marryatt & Co., but not a whit behind them in prejudice, conceit, and all uncharitableness. The severe criticisms which were written by some of our citizens upon his Lectures on the East, greatly soured the temper and quite destroyed the amiability of Mr. Buckingham. He has doubtless sought and we trust found an alleviation for his wounded pride in the task of abuse which he has just concluded.

'Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapa and Yucatan,' by John L. Stephens Esq. is the title of another work in the press of the Harpers. The success of the author's former works is doubtless significant of the reception which awaits this.

The Harpers have also nearly ready for publication the following works: Millman's 'History of Christianity from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire;' Miss Sedgwick's 'Travels in Europe;' 'Ruins of Ancient Cities, with general and particular accounts of their Rise, Fall and present Condition,' by Charles Bucke; Summerfield's Sermons, and A Historical Descriptive Account of Iceland, Greenland and the Faroe Islands. They announce also a second edition of Professor Anthon's Classical Dictionary.

FOREIGN.

We received by the Caledonia no intelligence of new works in progress, and but little possessing any interest of those recently published. A work of considerable value to the student of German Literature has just been published in London entitled 'Household Treasury of the Poetry of the German People.' It is said to be a copious and exceedingly judicious selection of German Poetry from its earliest years until the present time. Its Editor, O. L. B. Wolff, is spoken of in the London Literary Journals as a gentleman of rare attainments and of a scholar-like and highly cultivated taste.

A novel entitled 'Waldemar, surnamed Sein or the Victorious,' has just been translated by a Lady from the Danish of B. S. Ingemann, who has been often called the SCOTT of Denmark, and is warmly praised by the London critics. It is said to furnish a vivid and accurate portrait of society and manners during the Middle and Romantic Ages of Danish History, especially in the Thirteenth Century.

A brief Poem entitled 'Summer Morning,' by THOMAS MILLER, has just appeared. It is said to be the most pleasing production of its gifted author.

Mr. N. W. Simons, of the British Museum, has just published from the recently discovered Manuscript a Letter written in 1769 to an 'Honorable Brigadier General, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in Canada:' he adds an essay attempting to prove from evidence mainly internal that its author was the celebrated JUNIUS; but he does not seem to have done it clearly, as few of the journalists agree with him.

A work by Theodore Hook upon the 'French Stage and the French People,' has recently appeared. It contains vivid portraitures of character and striking views of life and manners.

'Europe in 1840,' is the title and subject of a new work from the German of Wolfgang Menzel. It gives a bird's-eye view of the political character, tendencies and relations of the group of European States, as they appear to this intelligent German. His views of European policy are said to be well worth studying.

A work of the late Henry Swineburn Esq. entitled 'The Courts of Europe at the close of the last Century,' has just been issued in two volumes. It is said to be the most attractive in its peculiar department of literature which has appeared for some time. Its character is not fully described by its title. There is a good deal about the Courts of Versailles, Naples and Vienna in it, but a series of letters containing the best correspondence of a life, form much the most attractive portion of the work. They are written in an easy and unpretending style, by an accomplished gentleman and a ripe scholar, who, with equal or superior opportunities of observation to those which Horace Walpole possessed, had also much of the brilliancy of that prince of letter-writers, with manliness of character and solidity of understanding, to which the wit of Walpole had no pretension.

An 'Introduction to Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream,' by J. O. Halliwell Esq. has just appeared.

The Edinburgh Literary Cabinet has reached its thirty-first volume. Its latest publication is a work by William Spalding Esq. Professor of Rhetoric in the Edinburgh University entitled 'Italy and the Italian Isles from the Earliest Ages to the present time.' It is said to be executed with great care and ability by an author in whom sound learning and cultivated taste are equally balanced. On a clear ground of history, comprehended within bold outlines, he has interwoven literature, topography, biography, and above all art, which must ever be a prominent object in any satisfactory account of Italy and the Italians.

☞ 'THE MERCHANT'S WIDOW AND OTHER TALES'—neat original volume of 192 pages, comprising three Tales, by Mrs. C. M. SAWYER of this city—has passed to a second edition within two months of its first appearance—1,500 copies having been sold. This for a first work of an American author is certainly remarkable success.

☞ "The National Society of Literature and Science" of this City have subscribed for 300 copies of the "SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER" for the current and 500 copies for the ensuing volume, for dissemination through the country.

☞ The Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE of Philadelphia will deliver the Annual Address before the Literary Societies of Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, at the Annual Commencement on the 7th of July next.

Geology of Michigan.—Dr. Houghton, the Michigan State Geologist, has recently submitted to the Legislature of that State the last Annual Report of his examination. It contains 184 octavo pages, and embraces also the results of the Topographical Survey. The chief rocks in Michigan, Dr. Houghton states, are trap, granite and mica. The Peninsula is found to abound in mines of lead, iron, zinc and magnesia, and silver has been found in small quantities. Several pages of the Report are occupied in a comparison of the copper-veins in Cornwall, Eng., and those in Michigan;—it states, too, that in opening one vein with a single blast, nearly two tons of ore were thrown out, and with this were numerous masses of native copper from the most minute speck to forty pounds in weight. Very little pyritous copper is found, except in Presque Isle, where it is associated with sulphure of lead. The native copper is frequently free from all foreign matter, and as completely malleable as the most perfectly refined copper; but it more usually contains particles of earthy materials, chiefly quartz. Of those that have been examined, the per cent. of pure metal ranges from 9.5, to 51.72, and the average is stated at 21. In Cornwall, the average product of the ore since 1771 has never exceeded 12 per cent. of the metal, and from 1818 to 1822 it was only 8.2. The weight of the celebrated copper rock on the Ontonaque river, is stated at from three to four tons, and a part of it analyzed contained 98 per cent. of pure metal. The extreme length of what is called the mineral district is about one hundred and thirty-five miles, and its width varies from one to five miles.

Navigation of the Mississippi.—We have received a copy of a letter addressed by Albert Stein to Samuel J. Peters, Esq., President of the New-Orleans Chamber of Commerce, in relation to the improvement of the Mississippi river.—The writer maintains that the excavation of the channel at the mouth of that majestic river by dredging machines is only a useless expenditure of money and labor; the plan he proposes is to close all the branches of the great Southwest Pass, and thus unite the waters into a bed of a proper breadth to render it navigable for the largest vessels. The increased velocity which will thus be given to the stream he thinks will be sufficient to excavate the bottom of the Pass and keep the channel clear. The pamphlet contains thirty two pages, and is accompanied by a map showing the form, &c., of the delta of the Mississippi.

The President.—A correspondent of the Commercial suggests that this ill-fated steamer may very probably have reached England *via* Fayal, since our last advices. The latest dates received in London from Fayal were to March 27th, while we have received them to April 6th. Supposing her to have been disabled in the gale of March 13th, two days after she left this port, she could not have reached Fayal, with her injured machinery, within thirty days at least.

Collision at Sea.—The packet ship Susquehannah, Capt. J. W. Miercken, which arrived at Philadelphia on Sunday, had a terrible encounter with another vessel on the 3th inst. off the Banks of Newfoundland. The night was dark, and a strong gale was blowing from the North-West. The Susquehannah was going at the rate of eight knots an hour under reefed topsails when a vessel was discovered immediately on her larboard bow. The helm was immediately brought up to avoid a collision, and by this act the Susquehannah was brought into contact with another vessel on her other bow.—A crash resulted, which probably sunk the stranger vessel with all on board. Owing to the disabled state of his own ship, Captain Miercken was unable to look for the other.—No cries were heard, and in the confusion of the crash no distinct knowledge of the other ship could be gained. The impression is that she was an East Indiaman or some ship of the largest class. The Susquehannah's bowsprit is taken off clean, and the cut-water torn and wrenched from the ship in such a manner as to show that the encounter must have been tremendous.

Great Bank Robbery.—The Frederick County Bank at Frederick, Md., was entered by false keys, between Saturday night and Monday morning last, and robbed of gold to the amount of $10,049 38: in notes and bills of other Banks and checks, 8,738,16; in notes of the Frederick County Bank, 134,967,00; State 6 per cent Bonds, 6,000; State 6 per cent. Certificates, 14,000; 5 per cent sterling bonds, 12,222. Making an aggregate of $185,976.54.

The Directors of the Bank have offered a reward of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS for the recovery of the money and the apprehension of the robber, or $5,000 for the money alone and a proportionate amount for any part thereof.

Calamity at Quebec.—A large mass of the earth and rock composing Cape Diamond, with the wall from the Governor's garden to the base of the Citadel, gave way on the 17th, and was precipitated on the houses in Champlain street below, by which eight buildings were destroyed, and (it is supposed) between twenty and thirty human beings crushed to death in the ruins! Thirteen dead bodies were immediately dug out of the ruins.

Wrecks at Sea.—The brig Odessa, Capt. Gallagher, arrived on Sunday from Lisbon and last from Madeira, reports having seen, April 17, lat. 35° 50′ lon. 61° 28′ the wreck of a vessel of about 120 tons. Capt. Flanders, of the Silas Richards, from Liverpool, on the 20th ult. lat. 39° 32′ lon. 70°, saw the wreck of a large vessel with jib-boom and bowsprit standing. Capt. Ferris, of the Westchester, arrived yesterday, passed on the 15th inst. lat. 41° lon. 61° the wreck of a vessel from 500 to 600 tons, full of water, and all her masts gone.

Tobacco.—In Kentucky there are fifty counties lying on the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Green and Kentucky rivers, which produce each, on an average, 750 hhds. of Tobacco yearly, or 37,500 in all. Many of them raise 2000 to 3000 hhds. each. About 3000 are shipped to the East, by way of the Pennsylvania and Ohio canals, and the residue goes to New York.

Law Question.—Considerable interest was felt at Philadelphia in the trial of Elijah Fields, charged with issuing counterfeit one dollar notes on the Salem Banking Company of N. J. His Counsel took the ground that the act of Legislature in 1828 prohibited all persons from issuing notes of less denomination than five dollars; that all persons who violated this law were *particeps criminis*, and if they were defrauded could not claim the interposition of the law to redress them. Another point was that the counterfeiting was not legally proved, and a third that a conviction would induce Corporations out of the State to flood it with an illegal paper currency. The Jury returned a verdict of *not guilty*.

American Sunday School Union.—This Society celebrated its seventeenth Anniversary at Philadelphia on Tuesday last. The amount of funds committed to the Board for disbursement during the year was $14,259.51, destined $7,037.01 for general purposes; $6,283.99 for the West; $780.51 for the South and $157.97 for Foreign Missions.—The Society is in advance of its current means $5,910.48. The Board have determined to discontinue all but three of its foreign depositories, to discontinue all sales on credit, and to reduce the expenses in the home department to $3,000. Of the Life of Washington the Union has published 12,000 copies in English, 7000 in French. Of the Infant Library a series of 24 distinct books, the Society have circulated in six years nearly 25,000 sets, or 600,000 books.

Liberia.—Letters received on the 24th, at Baltimore, from the Maryland Colony on the Western Coast of Africa, represent affairs in a very favorable light. The Settlement is abundantly supplied with provisions raised by the Colonists themselves, and they are dependent on foreigners only for clothing, household utensils and some few luxuries, which habit has rendered necessary. A rough sugar mill has recently been erected, a schooner of 40 tons' fitted out, and from the month of August until the date of the letters (which is not given,) not a single death had occurred.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.—*Killing of a Mother by her Son.*—The Coroner was called on Tuesday to the house of Abner Sandford, No. 188 Laurens-street, to hold an inquest on the body of Hannah Carleton, aged 63, a native of Charlestown, Mass., a highly respectable lady, who boarded at the house of Mr. Sandford. From the evidence adduced, it appeared that Mrs. Carleton, who was perfectly blind, had two sons, Augustus and William, of whom she was extravagantly fond, particularly of William. She had also one daughter, living in Havana. Her sons, who boarded at 109 Bowery, were in the habit of visiting their mother frequently, to whom they both appeared to be warmly attached. William, the younger son, suffered an attack of sickness in the early part of the present spring—which appeared to have unsettled his mind, and to have caused him to act so strangely, that he had threatened to hang and destroy himself. On Monday night he refused to speak to his brother, with whom he lodged—laid down on the bed with his clothes on, rose two or three times during the night, was very uneasy, said he was of no use to any one, and expressed a desire to be out of the way. His brother believed him to be insane. On Tuesday morning, William went at about 8 o'clock, to see his mother, and remained there about two hours—he entered her bedchamber, and they had some friendly conversation together—soon after which, Mrs. Carleton rose and came out, stating her son was about to resume his trade of a saddle and trunk maker.

William then asked Mrs. Sandford for her husband's razor to shave himself, which was given to him, and he com

menced shaving himself without any water—which he declined, when asked by Mrs. Sandford if he would not have some. Mrs. Sandford spoke to him several times while he was shaving, as did also his mother, afterwards, but he did not answer, and acted strangely, appearing to be unconscious that he was addressed. This, however, did not excite surprise, as he had acted in a similarly strange manner on previous occasions. After he had done shaving himself, he stood for a while leaning against the mantel-piece, looking at his mother, who asked him to sit down by her, which he did. There were then present in the room, besides William and his mother, Mrs. Sandford and Emily Hidder. Soon after sitting down, William rose, took hold of the face of his mother, as if about to kiss her, raised his hand and drew the razor across his mother's throat, with great force, inflicting a terrible wound, and nearly severing her head from her body. She screamed out and fell, and William dropping the razor, looked aghast, and said "I shall never see her again." Some of the neighbors came in and asked him if he did it, and he answered "yes." He fell on the floor in spasms, and was carried to the Upper Police office, and confined, and has since appeared to be rational. Mrs. Carleton died almost instantly. Verdict—that she came to her death by having her throat cut by her son William Carleton, during a fit of insanity.

The American Board of Foreign Missions held its anniversary at Philadelphia on Friday evening. The exercises are said to have been exceedingly interesting. The following is given as an abstract of the Report presented:

The Board has 26 Missions, 80 Stations, and 141 Ordained Missionaries, with 385 Assistant Missionaries. It has 415 Schools in foreign lands, with 22,000 pupils, besides 9 Seminaries and 16 Boarding Schools, with 1000 pupils. The Board has under its control 56 Churches of the converted heathen, with more than 20,000 members. Likewise 32 printing presses abroad, which last year produced 45,000,000 of published pages. These interesting statistics were followed by a general outline of each of the chief Missions.

During the last year, 57 Missionaries were appointed: 5 died, 27 were sent out, and 25 are now at home under appointment. The fiscal year of the Board will not expire until July 31 next ensuing; but the receipts for the last nine months amounted to $182,622. The whole receipts for the last twelve months amounted to $258,457. The Report went on to state that the Missions were all suffering for the want of enlarged means. Indeed, it appeared that the receipts of the last four years had averaged $50,000 per annum less than was needed; while the debt of the Board at the commencement of last year was $24,000.

Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Meigs of Ceylon and Rev. Mr. Adams of this city.

Anniversary of the Methodist Missionary Society.—The twenty-second Anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was celebrated on Monday at the Broadway Tabernacle. The attendance was large and the exercises were highly interesting. The Report presented an encouraging summary of the missionary operations of the last year, with a detailed account of the extent and success of their efforts at the various stations, both Foreign and Domestic. The labors of the Society at Liberia, in Oregon, South America and among the Aborigines of this Country, have been attended with signal success. The whole amount appropriated for Missionary Operations during the year just ended, including $90,000 especially devoted to Domestic Missions, was stated at $124,875 92. The number of missionaries in the Society's service abroad is 62; the number of members in their Churches, 5106, and 2000 children are in the Mission Schools. In the Domestic Mission service are 302 missionaries, with 42,104 church members and 6040 children. The total is thus: 364 Missionaries in the employ of the Society, 47,210 members of their Churches, and 8040 children attending their Schools. Of the Church members at these Domestic Missionary Stations, 3341 are Indians, 12,490 colored and 31,379 whites. The Report of the Treasurer, George Lane, presented the following summary: The Balance in the Treasury at the commencement of the fiscal year was $4098 18; the amount received during the year, $151,507 69, making a total of Receipts of $155,668 37. The amount paid Foreign Missionaries, $48,743 26: paid Domestic, $68,740 10: Incidental Expenses, $3,953 66; Notes, Drafts, &c., $32,271 63; making the total disbursements $158,698 05, thus leaving a balance against the Treasury of $3,029 18. Adding to this, $21,454 19 borrowed by the Treasurer, the whole amount of the Society's indebtedness will be $24,483 37. The Report urged renewed and vigorous exertions to free the Society from this load of debt.

After presenting the Reports, resolutions were introduced and addresses delivered by Hon. Theo. Frelinghuysen, Rev. George F. Pierce, of the Georgia Conference, and the Rev. George Scott, Wesleyan Missionary at Stockholm, in Sweden.

CIRCULAR.

To the Agriculturalists, the Manufacturers, Mechanics and Artisans of the United States.

The American Institute of the City of New-York have directed us, the Trustees, to announce to the public, that the Fourteenth Annual Fair will be held in this city, in the early part of October next. The time and place, with a variety of details, will be made known and published by the Managers as soon as convenient, after their organization shall be perfected. This Institution was established and incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New-York, to promote domestic industry and improvements in the United States. Among the means suggested in the charter are public exhibitions of meritorious productions, and rewards for such as are most deserving.

Thirteen Great Annual Fairs have already been held. Their beneficial effects in exciting emulation have been seen and directly felt in more than half the States of the Union. The popularity of these exhibitions, the extended and intense competition they have excited, is without precedent. More than one hundred thousand visiters have been admitted, and more than fifteen thousand specimens of domestic products have been exhibited at a single anniversary.

A Repository for the daily exhibition of improvements, and a Library, of great utility for practical purposes, have both been established by this Institute, and been open for years free of expense to contributors and visiters. Five ploughing exhibitions have been held on fields in the vicinity of New-York; and many eloquent addresses, instructive lectures, and able reports, have been made on different occasions, all having a bearing on productive industry.

The amount of gratuitous labor, bestowed by the conductors of this Institute in fourteen years, it is believed, is without a parallel in the history of our public institutions. Hitherto the Institute has been sustained by voluntary contributions, unaided by City or State bounties. Impressed with these ideas, the Legislature, in a law just passed, intended for the promotion of "*Agriculture and Household Manufactures*," have wisely included the American Institute, and on certain conditions appropriated to it nine hundred and fifty dollars per annum for five years, requiring premiums to be awarded as suitable means of accomplishing the objects of this enactment. In addition to the pecuniary aid contemplated by this act, which is timely, and will enable us to extend our premiums, it is a public testimonial of the high consideration maintained by the Institute in the opinion of our Legislature. The confidence reposed in the Institute is in the highest degree honorable to its conductors, making it thereby the direct agent to carry into effect a law important in its future effects, and expressly enacted to encourage the great and paramount interests of agriculture, which supplies not only the principal materials on which all other labor is employed, but also affords sustenance to the whole human race.

Accommodations will be provided at the Fourteenth Fair for the exhibition of every kind of agricultural and horticultural productions, for machines and implements, and steam power and engines. Separate and suitable places will be assigned for exhibiting cattle, horses, sheep, swine and other farming stock. The best productions of the manufactory and the workshop, including woollen, cotton, silk and linen fabrics, will have their appropriate rooms. Labor-saving machinery will not only be examined by competent judges, but also be tested by steam-power. All new and labor-saving inventions will command attention, and publicity given to their merits. Purchasers will have the best possible opportunity to examine, compare and select such articles as they wish. Gold and silver medals, silver cups, diplomas, as well as rewards in money, will be bestowed on the most deserving. The appropriation will enable the managers, more liberally than heretofore, to reward industry generally, and more particularly *female industry*, for the ingenious fabrics of *household manufacture*.

On behalf of this Institute, we would earnestly invoke the patronage and exertions of prosperous and intelligent agriculturalists, to enable us to fulfil the expectations of the Legislature. In its wisdom it has laid the foundation of great and lasting good to the State. But much of the success and popularity of the law to encourage agriculture will depend on the American Institute. Its position in the City of New-York is of all others the most favorable. There will always be in this great Emporium choice spirits, and such as know well the inestimable value of agriculture, and who are able and willing to aid any and all great and beneficial objects. The whole island is surrounded with fertile and highly cultivated farms and gardens, extending into the interior, which bring their supplies daily to our numerous markets, to meet the vast demands of City consumption. A large proportion of all the farming and gardening implements used in this and the adjoining states is supplied from this city; and with the facilities of conveyance by horses and by steam, by land and by water, it would seem to be the chosen place for agriculture and horticulture to present their fairest and best contributions, and the radiating point from which the knowledge of improvements may be readily made to flow to every portion of our country.

In conclusion, we would also respectfully appeal to all the multiplied interests of industry and art to make their contributions of the best specimens, that the most perfect miniature view may be presented of the skill, the genius, and the ample resources of our country at the coming anniversary; and to the public at large, whose countenance and cheering approbation has uniformly attended all our undertakings for more than thirteen years, and to whose favor this Institute owes its existence, we appeal with unqualified confidence, and, at the same time, with a strong desire for the especial and best influences of our fellow citizens, at this time, to enable us triumphantly to carry out the coming exhibition, and discharge the obligation conferred by the recent legislative grant. By the kind aid which the public can confer, and with the means provided, a new impulse may be given to agricultural improvements, and to invention and the arts, over our whole State; other States, some of which are behind, will thereby be induced to profit from our example, and thus the benign influences of liberal legislation will be exemplified in every section of our wide spread country.

JAMES TALLMADGE, ADONIRAM CHANDLER,
WILLIAM INGLIS, JOHN TRAVERS,
ALEX. J. HAMILTON, T. B. WAKEMAN.
JOSEPH TITCOMB, *Trustees.*

Repository of the American Institute, N. Y., May, 1841.

Editors of newspapers and periodicals, particularly agricultural, are requested to give the foregoing one or more gratuitous insertions.

P. S. Gentlemen friendly to the objects of the Institute, both in the city and country, are invited to become members. Admission fee $3—annual dues $2. Applications must be made in writing, naming place of abode and occupation.—Membership confers the privilege of the Repository and Library, attending the meetings, also hearing the addresses and lectures, and visiting the Annual Fairs, with ladies, free of expense.

Married:

May 18, by the Rev. T. J. Sawyer, John B. Doran, Esq., to Miss Emma Kippax, all of this city.

May 19, Henry A. Kittredge to Mary, daughter of Jonathan Clark, Esq., of Tewksbury, Mass.

May 19, William Fuhr to Eliza Campbell.

May 20, by the Rev. Lot Jones, Moses Chamberlain, Jr., to Julia A. Willmot, both of this city.

May 24, by the Rev. Samuel Hines, of Natick, Mass., David B. Hun to Miss Mary Ann Gaylord, both of this city.

May 25, William W. Gilchrist to Redelia Ann, eldest daughter of Jacob D. Cox, Esq.

May 25, Gerards Stagg to Juliet W., daughter of the late John Fleming, all of this city.

At Jersey City, May 25, Cornelius Van Santvoord, Esq. to Miss Susan Romeyn, daughter of John V. B. Varick, Esq., deceased, and grand-daughter of James V. C. Romeyn, deceased.

At Brooklyn, May 25, George Greenfield to Ann Agnes Montgomery, both formerly of Scotland, now of B.

At Richmond, May 20, David Olyphant, of this city, to Miss Harriet Turner, daughter of the late David J. Burr, Esq. of R.

At Meadham, N. J., May 19, Isaac S. Davidson, of Millville, N. J., to Rebecca Louisa Watkins, daughter of the late Joel West, of this city.

At Brooklyn, May 22, Oliver H. P. Townsend, of this city, to Phebe Ann, youngest daughter of David Geer, of Montrose, Pa.

In Troy, May 20, William H. Cabot, of Massachusetts, to Amanda Traver, of this city.

In Buffalo, May 11, Alfred P. Stone, Esq., of Columbus, Ohio, to Anna M., eldest daughter of the Hon. Charles Townsend, of that city.

At Lansingburgh, May 19, George W. Reid to Miss Cornelia A., third daughter of Chauncey Ives, Esq. of L.

At Willow Creek, Illinois, April 28, Philander Knappen, Esq., Editor of the Rockford Star, to Miss Eliza Simons, formerly of the State of New-York.

Died:

May 24, after a lingering illness, Cornelius Decker, aged 57 years.

The relatives and friends of the family are requested to attend his funeral This Day, at 5 o'clock. P. M. at No. 95 Avenue B.

May 24, Maria Louisa, daughter of Frederick T. Parsons, of Goshen, Orange Co. N. Y.

May 23, Julia A., wife of John P. Nelson, of New-Orleans, and daughter of Hon. Richard Keese, of Keesville, N. Y.

May 23, Margaret Ann, eldest daughter of James Olwell, aged 5 years, 6 months, and 25 days.

May 23; G. Frederick Sorenberg, 23.

May 23, John C. Archer, 1 year and 8 months.

May 22, Joshua Hunt, 81.

May 20, at his residence, 139 Waverly Place, Benjamin F. Gilbert, Esq., late of Troy, aged 40.

May 25, Hannah, widow of the late Jonathan Carleton, aged 64 years, formerly of Charlestown, Mass.

May 20, Sarah J. Ingraham, wife of John Ingraham, aged 28 years.

May 21, Jane Williams, wife of Robert J. Walker, aged 24 years.

May 23, of a lingering illness, Mr. Daniel Deich, aged 82 years.

May 23, in the 30th year of her age, Mrs. Frances Harriet Adriance.

May 20, Margaret Campbell, aged 72.

May 25, Josephus Granger, 43.

May 25, Gertrude, daughter of the late Peter Kemble, and wife of James K. Paulding, late Secretary of the Navy.

May 25, W. J. Watkins, of Newark, Ohio, 32.

May 25, Mrs. Anna McCoon, 75.

May 25, John McLeod, son of Sydney P. and Margaret Ingraham, in his 4th year.

May 25, William, only son of Alexander Cuseaden, 38.

May 25, Patrick Lambert, in the 104th year of his age.

May 25, Catherine, wife of Felix Gallagher.

Drowned, 2d inst. Thomas T. Doremus.

May 22, Josiah Hunt, 81.

At Brooklyn, May 25, Heman, son of the late Daniel Merwin, of Haddam, Ct., 19.

In Bethel, Ct., May 3, Thaddeus Starr, aged 83—a revolutionary pensioner; on the 7th, widow Martha Hickok, aged 90, sister of the above.

In Stafford, Ct., Stephen Orcutt, aged 84—a revolutionary pensioner.

In the county of Louisa, Va., of old age, Mary Yancey, in the 99th year of her age. She had outlived all her children, eleven in number, and seen her descendants of the fourth generation.

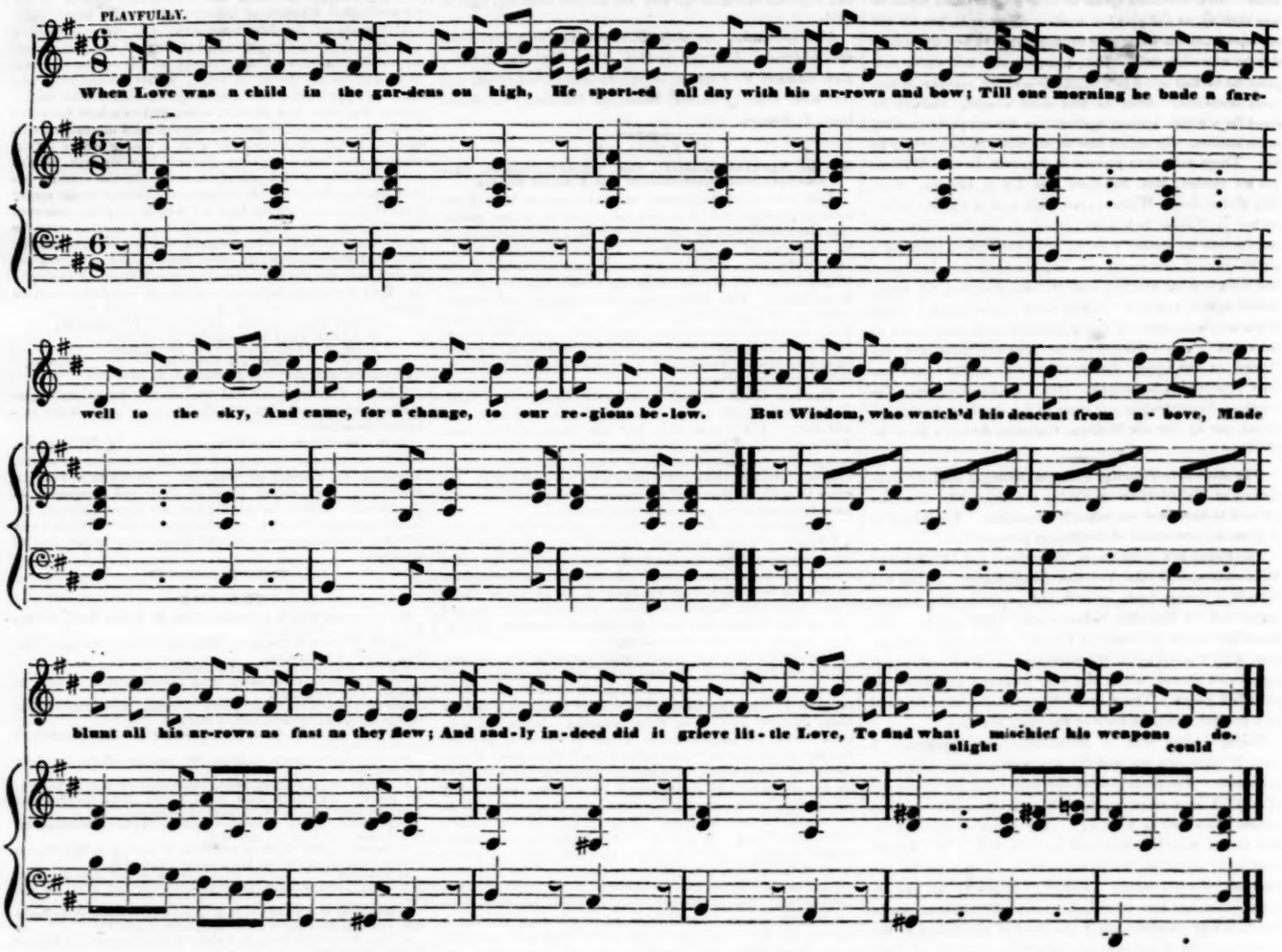
At Fort Tompkins, Staten Island, May 23, Major William Dustan, in the 53d year of his age.

At Newark, N. J. May 20, Miss Eliza Vanderpool Caldwell, 21.

THE NATIVE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

FROM AN ESSAY IN 'THE CITIZEN, OR DUBLIN MONTHLY MAGAZINE,' FOR APRIL.

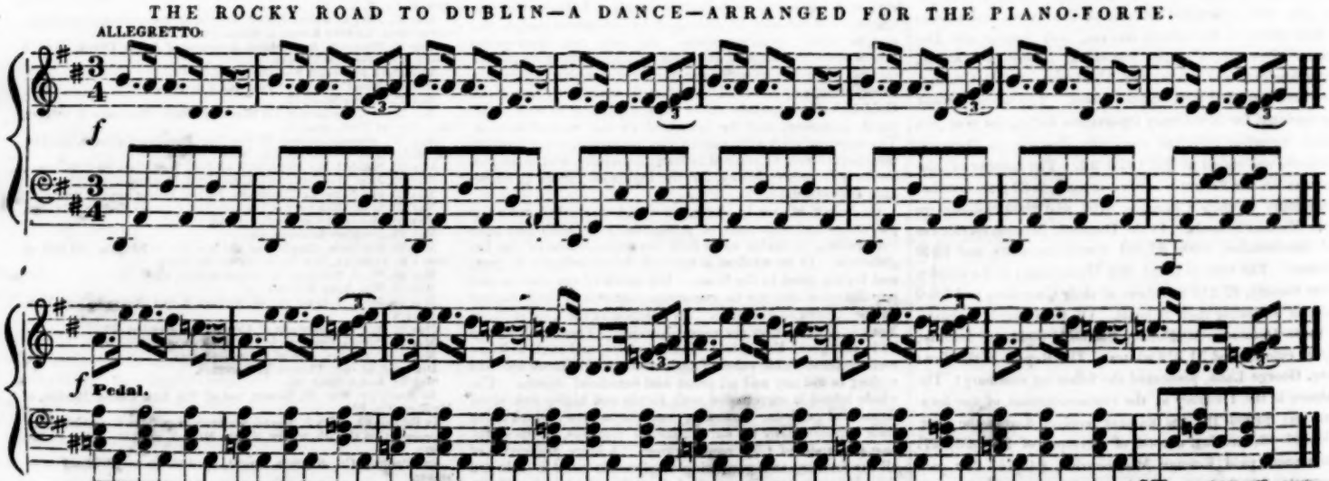
THE ARROWS OF LOVE—A BALLAD—ADAPTED TO THE AIR "SUGRADH ANN GACH UILE AIT," OR "DIVERSION EVERY WHERE."



SECOND VERSE.

As in sorrow he wander'd with tears in his eyes,
He chanced to alight on the quiver of Wit—
With shafts like the diamond—the fortunate prize,
That pierced to the core every object they hit;
As he seized the bright quiver, a tear of delight
From the child's snowy lid on the blazing points fell,
Wisdom gazed on the treasure, all pale with affright,
For she knew 'gainst such arrows she 'd ne'er find a spell.

THIRD VERSE.

With his quiver equipp'd, the gay urchin took flight;
But he squanders not shafts with such magic endow'd,
No, he keeps for bright spirits those arrows of light,
And weapons less brilliant he darts 'mid the crowd;
But when forms such as Lelin's, all sunnily flit
Before you, and lips with such witchery move,
Beware, oh! beware of the arrows of Wit,
Whose points have been steep'd in the tear-drops of Love.

THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN—A DANCE—ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.